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THE FUTURE OF VANDALISM STANLEY COHEN

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**The '72 Mis-Election
RESPONSE TO AN
INSIDERS' COUP D'ETAT**
Michael Reisman

WATERGATE

Ranan Lurie, Newsweek

**HEROES OR PENSIONERS?
New Vets and
The Old Legion**
Julius Duscha

**NORRIS MERCHANT
ERIC HOFFER'S 'REFLECTIONS ON THE HUMAN CONDITION'**

LETTERS

under cover of privilege

Santa Fe, N.M.

DEAR SIR: In doing some reading for a course for the fall I came upon a passage highly pertinent to our present situation in *The Triumph of the Middle Classes* by Charles Morazé (Anchor Books):

England . . . did not acknowledge the separation of powers advocated by Montesquieu. The executive was subject to the judiciary, the highest political authority in England. . . . Parliament . . . could even suspend *Habeas Corpus*, as it did for instance during the revolutionary wars. But when this suspension came to an end in 1801, a law of indemnity, retrospectively applied, brought to book those officials and ministers who might possibly have abused it. England's fine example was not followed by any other European government; on the Continent preventive detention remained almost discretionary and, above all, the agents of the state could not, whatever happened, be summoned before the ordinary tribunals. In all that concerned their administration, they had the privilege of a special jurisdiction and of administrative tribunals. This special jurisdiction meant that some remnants of the privileges of absolute monarchy survived into the nineteenth and even the twentieth century, under cover of the separation of powers. . . .

Dorothy Tardy Perry

the new spendthrifts

Washington, D.C.

DEAR SIR: Like Rep. Les Aspin ["Big Oil's Latest Gimmick," *The Nation*, June 18] I too am appalled that firms take advantage of shortages to reap windfall profits, undercut independent companies, plead for tax breaks and attempt to scuttle environmental standards. I am equally appalled that we permit modern 6-mile-a-gallon gas guzzlers with their power windows, seats and brakes and their 200-plus-horsepower engines to crowd our streets. Our country's 7 per cent rise in gas consumption last year was caused by a variety of citizens, not just oil executives.

Banning exports of gasoline (amounting to about 0.1 per cent of consumption), increasing crude and refined oil imports and building new domestic refineries won't solve our consumption problems, only ease our production ones. We need to abolish depletion allowances, lower oil profits and raise environmental requirements; we also need to tax bigger cars, enforce lower speed limits, require better insulation practices, label electrical appliances, expand mass transit and recyclization systems, install bike networks and institute a host of other energy-saving strategies. . . . For the sake of our environment we have to put rationality into both production and consumption.

*Albert J. Fritsch, Director
Center for Science in the Public Interest*

apologies to VMI

New York City

DEAR SIR: In your editorial of July 2 on the West Point cadet, you say: "If, like Gen. George C. Marshall, he emerges as a person capable of doing his own thinking and intent on preserving not the traditions of the military service, but those of the Republic, he is a spectacular exception to the West Point rule." One reason why General Marshall was an exception to the West Point rule may be that he was not a West Point graduate.

S. Clinton Stern

The editors regret that space limitations prevent them from considering for publication letters of more than 250 words.

EDITORIALS

The Double Standard Shoe

A favorite and venerable tactic of conservatives is to charge that liberals apply a double standard on civil liberties, the charge being that they seldom protest when the civil liberties of conservatives are infringed. There may be some truth to the allegation, but it can be applied with much stronger force to conservatives. In the McCarthy period, the most influential conservatives—Eisenhower and Taft to name a pair—exhibited a remarkable public indifference to the ravages of the inquisitorial committees, whose victims uniformly fell in the left-of-Center category. With few exceptions, the conservative press either applauded McCarthy or looked the other way. In the 1950s literally hundreds of individuals were driven from positions in government, the professions and business simply because they had pleaded the Fifth Amendment when questioned about their political beliefs and affiliations. By and large, conservatives failed to protest this denial of a fundamental constitutional guarantee nor did they object to the blacklist which kept the victims out of work. Indeed, the Fifth Amendment fell into such bad repute among conservatives that there was serious talk of removing it from the Constitution (see "Does Silence Mean Guilt?" by Norman Redlich and Laurent B. Frantz, *The Nation*, June 6, 1953). Yet only recently Egil Krogh, Jr., as was his right, pleaded the Fifth fifty times in twenty minutes, without invoking the ire of the conservative press or leading conservatives in or out of Congress.

So it comes with particularly bad grace to hear conservatives now complain that liberals have shown less concern for the rights of Mitchell, Stans, Moore, Mardian and LaRue as witnesses than they did for the Hollywood Ten. But the Ervin committee has not engaged in "exposure for the sake of exposure." So many legislative purposes are implicit in the subject matter of the inquiry that it would be difficult to list them: regulation of campaign contributions; the conduct of agencies such as the FBI, the CIA and the Department of Justice; the need to safeguard the electoral process, etc., etc. As to methods of interrogation, the Ervin committee has been a model of decorum and fairness. Witnesses have been questioned with courtesy and a respect for their rights that the late J. Parnell Thomas would have regarded as downright sissy. They have been permitted to read book-length opening statements; to modify and expand their answers; to consult notes and documents. Counsel confer with their clients and are permitted to make comments and suggestions. Wives join their husbands by way of lending moral support and making a bid for sympathy on the part of the public.

Some of the questioning has been tough, but there has been no browbeating. As a matter of fact, a major criticism of the hearings is that committee members and staff have often failed to exploit opportunities for cross-examination; again and again the obvious—and important—next question has not been asked. William Safire and other commentators who feel that Richard A. Moore was unfairly questioned should reread the interrogation of Ower

Lattimore or the rough treatment uniformly meted out to witnesses by McCarthy and Roy Cohn. For perspective, KCTS-TV in Seattle, a public TV station, precedes the Watergate hearings with reruns of selections from the Senate's Army-McCarthy hearings in 1954. The station reports that a new audience is being reached which has never seen and knows little of the McCarthy hearings.

The inquisitorial committees of the 1950s, in open defiance of due process, tried, convicted and sentenced—by a process of economic banishment and social ostracism—individuals not charged with having violated any criminal statutes. The record of these committees was barren of legislative achievements, but they chalked up some other achievements: they spread fear and distrust, they provided a splendid cover for cold-war defense spending, and they assisted the European film industry by driving some fine talent overseas. They exposed dissenters, not burglars. The force of the investigations was directed against individuals; only in the most incidental manner were government agencies scrutinized.

By contrast, the Ervin committee is concerned with serious criminal activities reaching into the highest levels of government. The committee seeks to find out whether the President and his aides, assisted by various agencies of the federal government, instigated or sought to cover up a series of crimes, including attempts to buy, disrupt and subvert a national election. As a consequence, the Ervin committee has arrayed against it all the power that the White House and the Executive symbolize. The same forces that sought to cover up Watergate and related break-ins initially sought, by a variety of strategies, to hamper the committee's investigations. It was not until the President accepted, under pressure and in response to significant disclosures, the resignations of Haldeman, Ehrlichman and Kleindienst that a somewhat less obstructive attitude was shown. Now the door has been slammed shut once again. Under these circumstances, the conduct of the Ervin committee has been a model of fairness by comparison with the inquisitorial investigations of the 1950s; the attempt to equate them is absurd.

BLACKS CAN'T WIN-ALONE

1. Rap Session

Los Angeles

Black Californians seem to be vying for national leadership in the race to abandon "Civil Rights" and "Black Revolution" for electoral politics. That at least was the impression left by the June 30th meeting of the California and Western Conference of Black Elected Officials.

The prevailing mood at Los Angeles' International Hotel was pragmatic and best expressed, perhaps, by Frank Holloman, freshman assemblyman from Los Angeles, who counseled his audience that "the biggest problem faced by the black elected official is getting elected," and that the biggest problem in getting elected is money.

This concern of California's Black Elected Officials with the simple mechanics of achieving office underscores what seems to be a new social orientation on the part of blacks in the nation's richest state. The black elected official appears to be emerging as the new ethnic leader,

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replacing both the social and legal reformism of the 1950s and the militant racialism of the 1960s. Thus the pragmatism of the convention was not of the reactionary "business as usual" variety. The concern reflected, for the most part, a genuine desire to get oneself into a position to bring about change and help the group.

A welcome note that rang out from the conference was that, more and more, blacks in California begin to realize that they have no monopoly on oppression. Thus while San Bernardino's fiery College District board member Lois Carson proclaimed "I am black first," her protest against being "prostituted to the point that my only value is being black" seems to have been more in line with the thinking of her colleagues. With major statewide elections coming up next year, Ms. Carson is only one of many black politicians in California who are convinced that "we must know what is available and how to obtain it." Following in the electoral path blazed by state Superintendent of Education Wilson Riles and Los Angeles Mayor Tom Bradley, at least two blacks will be going for the big stakes in 1974. State Sen. Mervyn Dymally from Los Angeles has already declared his candidacy for the lieutenant governorship. Although it is too early to tell just who his competitor will be, Dymally has been around for some time and will have to be taken seriously.

Another black politician who thinks he has "found what is available" is the wise and cunning Willie Brown from Northern California, who has become somewhat of a permanent fixture in the State Assembly. Brown was rather low-keyed at the conference, taking no active part in any of its workshops. However, as chairman of the Assembly's powerful Ways and Means Committee, Brown—whose home district is predominantly white—is well placed to make a bid for the speaker's chair, and he is quietly campaigning. Judging from the resolutions and the general tone of the delegates at the California and Western Conference of Black Elected Officials, there can be no doubt but that blacks in California have begun to sense "what is available" for themselves and their people in electoral politics.

J.K. OBATALA

*Chairman, Department of Black Studies
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2. The New Seniority

The sixteen black members of the House of Representatives have organized a significant Black Caucus. A good example of what it can do was reported recently in the *Los Angeles Times*. This report was about two politicians. F. Edward Hébert (D., La.) is chairman of the very important House Armed Services Committee because he has long seniority in Congress. He has long seniority because Southern racism permitted the Democrats to be the only real political party in Louisiana for almost a century. Most chairmen of Congressional committees are like Hébert; they are Democrats elected under racist election laws which inhibit the black vote. Hébert is conservative, militaristic, an eager supporter of the U.S. military machine and of the American invasion of Vietnam. You can imagine his views on civil rights, welfare, labor laws and other necessary aid for the poor.

The other man in the story is black Rep. Ron Dellums of Berkeley, Calif., the most outspoken radical in Congress. His latest speech in Los Angeles, for example, condemned the huge government loan to Lockheed as "welfare for the rich," and he made equally trenchant criticisms of the stranglehold which the great corporations have on American life. Dellums is the closest thing to a Socialist to be elected to Congress in more than twenty years. He is absolutely opposed to the American invasion of Asia. He traveled around the country trying to get out the black vote for McGovern; when the House Armed Services Committee refused to act, he held his own hearings on discrimination against blacks in the Army.

As he began his second term in Congress, Dellums wanted to be on the Armed Services Committee. Hébert wanted him off. Ordinarily the wish of Hébert, the committee chairman, would have been law. He is of the Congressional Establishment. But now the Black Caucus exists in Congress. Its members wanted Dellums on the committee. The *Los Angeles Times* story reports a lot of complicated shenanigans, but the very impressive fact, a fact of the New Politics, is that as of January 13 Dellums was on the committee.

Dellums won't do a lot as just one member of a committee. But he will do something. One thing he can do is point out to all black voters, day after day, that he is being held in check by a committee chairman elected by racists. This news will do a lot either to change the Democratic Party or to educate black voters on whom that party depends. (Four out of five black voters voted for McGovern; two out of three whites voted for Nixon.)

It is still true that both major parties are dominated by the major corporations of America, but these giants have some soft spots in their political armor, and elected representatives from the ghettos are in a position to test these weaknesses. It used to be that the safest seats in Congress were from the racist "Solid South." To a degree that is still true, but now some other seats are becoming even safer. Year after year, the growing black ghettos are returning their representatives to state and national government. These blacks are acquiring political seniority and some of the power that goes with it. Sure, the Establishment will attack this power and try to get around it, but a sixteen-strong Black Caucus is sure to grow.

Will these black politicians really be useful to the black poor? They will be just as useful as poor people are active—no more. Blacks have learned a bitter lesson these past ten years: they can't win alone in the streets. Probably they can't win alone anywhere. But they can use the power which action in the streets has brought to the black community. If they can organize their voices, there are now more blacks in government to respond.

WILLIAM DOYLE

George Gives Value

"In Athens, the question for Greeks is not whether the U.S. Administration is holding up the dictatorship, but how long it can do so in the face of new and rising hatred, which lies behind a series of bombings against American cars and installations."

Thus Charles Foley leads into his report to the *Toronto Star*, written in London after his recent trip to Greece. And one might add, on the basis of John Nicolopoulos' account (page 106) of his visit with the crew of the Greek destroyer *Velos*, now enjoying political asylum in Rome, that it may become increasingly difficult to sustain the Colonels in the face of popular hatred and defiance.

Almost every Greek and a good many Americans assume that the Administration is in fact supporting the Papadopoulos gang but what are the bases for this belief? It was to seek such evidence that Mr. Foley visited Athens, and what follows is drawn largely from his dispatch.

One may start with the background of the cabal of obscure officers who launched the coup in 1967—four of the five chief conspirators had been intimately connected with the U.S. military or U.S. intelligence. Then one can jump to the near present, and quote a remark that our Ambassador to Greece, Henry J. Tasca, made recently to a junketing Congressman (who passed it on to Foley): "There is just no place like Greece to offer these facilities with the backup of the kind of government you have got here." The Ambassador was referring to such "facilities" as the Sixth Fleet's new home port at Piraeus, nuclear missile bases on Crete and strategic communications posts elsewhere in Greece.

Foley then goes to the past again, to dig out some of the important steps in George Papadopoulos' rise to mastery over the Greek state. Back in 1964, when George Papandreou regained power and his son, Andreas, returned from the United States to join the new government, they discovered that the liaison man between the CIA and the KYP, the Greek secret service, was Papadopoulos. Liaison, though, is perhaps not the word, for when Papandreou tried to free the KYP from CIA dominance, he discovered, in the words of Andreas, that "there was no kind of distinction between the two services. . . . In effect, they were a single agency." In other words, Papadopoulos was an agent of the CIA. They moved him out of his job, but were not given time to move the CIA out of their intelligence service.

That being the case, Washington got early word of the impending coup; it was discussed at a meeting of the National Security Council in mid-February 1967. The question was: Should the U.S. Embassy be told to stop it? The answer was No.

In the weeks after that, people in Athens who sought to have a word with James Potts, the local CIA chief, were often told: "See George—he's my boy." George, of course, was Papadopoulos, and he was "our boy" in a very deep sense. Not only had he been through CIA training in the United States; he also had a background in intelligence dating back to the German invasion of Greece. A U.S. military adviser said to Foley at an Athens party: "George gives good value, because there are documents in Washington he wouldn't like let out."

What value George is supposed to give, Foley does not say, but it can scarcely be to protect a flank of the "national security" of the United States. The Greek Navy is in an uproar, the Greek Army is decimated of its competent officers, the populace is mutinous and awaiting a spark. A country that finds "there is just no place like Greece" must be hard up for satellites.

Those Political Prisoners

What can Sens. James Abourezk and Edward M. Kennedy be meaning when they assert that millions of dollars in federal funds are still being appropriated for atrocious mistreatment of political prisoners of the Thieu regime in South Vietnam? The war has been ended—or so President Nixon and Dr. Kissinger tell us—and with honor too. Didn't Thieu assure the Pope that there were no political prisoners in South Vietnam? And didn't the United States, in signing the January 1973 agreements, pledge itself to the prohibition of "all acts of reprisal and discrimination against individuals or organizations that have collaborated with one side or the other" (Article 11)?

Nevertheless, the 1974 budget contains more than \$20 million of U.S. taxpayers' money earmarked for the 120,000-man Thieu National Police, which operates the Con Son "tiger cages" and systematically inflicts hideous tortures on prisoners. If Kennedy and Abourezk are suspect as allies of the Vietcong, perhaps another voice will be heard:

I can state unequivocally that there are political prisoners in Saigon's jails and in jails throughout the provinces. They are in jail not for any crime, but simply because they are in political opposition to the present government. The proof is overwhelming. And it is clear that these prisoners are subject to inhuman treatment, including deliberate and prolonged torture. I do not make that statement lightly.

These are the words of Bishop Thomas J. Gumbleton, auxiliary bishop of the Detroit Roman Catholic Archdiocese (*National Catholic Reporter*, May 11) after an Easter week spent in South Vietnam visiting prisoners, former prisoners and relatives of prisoners. He admits to an earlier skepticism, even after reading *Hostages of War: Saigon's Political Prisoners* by Don Luce and Holmes Brown. "I just instinctively wanted to believe," he says, "that we and our allies don't do things like that."

With an Administration like the present one, which has been lying to the country for four years and is lying still, there are limits to what even an influential individual can do. Still, we all have Congressmen who ostensibly represent us, and when an ally on whom we have spent billions, and whom we are still supporting in amounts of hundreds of millions, imprisons thousands of its subjects without trial and tortures many of them, we should have something to say about it. Also, several American and international organizations are trying, with inadequate means, to help Thieu's victims. Among them are the Indochina Resource Center, 1322 18th St., N.W., Washington, D.C., 20036, which distributes the Luce-Brown book at \$1.80 postpaid; the Coalition to Free South Vietnamese Political Prisoners, 122 Franklin St., Minneapolis, Minn. 55404 and at 2302 Ellsworth St., Berkeley, Calif. 94704; and the American Friends Service Committee's subsidiary NARMIC (National Action/Research on the Military-Industrial Complex) which publishes the highly informative and up-to-date *After the Signing of the Paris Agreements: Documents on South Vietnam's Political Prisoners*, at 112 S. 16th St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19102 (single copies, \$1.70 postpaid; ten copies or more, 90¢ each, plus 10 per cent postage).

Response to an Insiders' Coup d'Etat

Watergate is not merely another instance of corruption in high places. It is not a "Teapot Dome" but a *coup d'état*, part of a larger program to use official power to subvert the American electoral process in order to insure Mr. Nixon's continuation in office. The program finds recent shabby parallels in the Philippines, in South Korea and in South Vietnam. In each of these countries, a "President" exploited his official power in order to violate constitutionally prescribed procedures for the transfer of power. Their methods varied with the context, but the objectives were identical: a *coup d'état*.

The Nixon re-election machine exploited incumbency and promised official favor in its secret recruitment of vast sums. This black money was spent in illegal operations designed to set up the weakest possible opposition candidate and then to infiltrate and frustrate his campaign. This was an insider *coup d'état*. Mr. Nixon suggests that it was merely the overly exuberant enthusiasm of subordinates. Others maintain in his behalf that Nixon's re-election was assured and that Watergate, reprehensible as it was, merely accelerated the inevitable. In terms of culpability, these arguments are irrelevant. In terms of causality, who can be certain? No election is inevitable. Mr. Nixon's personal role in it remains to be established, but though that finding will be important for Mr. Nixon's future, it cannot change the fact of the 1972 mis-election.

When a court declares a mistrial, the case must be retried. The question now before Americans is whether they are to have a comparable remedy for the much grosser and more widespread social deprivation of a mis-election. Or will they accept, almost by default, the usurpation of the most fundamental privilege of democratic processes—the right to choose their governor?

The power of Congress to deal with Presidential mis-elections is limited. While each House is the judge of its own elections, neither is constitutionally designated as judge of the election of the President. The House of Representatives may treat problems in the course of deciding upon a President when the Electoral College fails to produce a candidate with an exclusive majority. But suppose the facts of the mis-election come to light only after the President has been installed. If the President has committed "Treason, Bribery, or other high Crimes and Misdemeanors," a majority of the House may set an impeachment procedure in motion and two-thirds of the Senators present may impeach and remove him, with the Chief Justice presiding. But even assuming this procedure to be practicable in the present case, it is not a remedy for a mis-election; the Vice President would succeed to the higher office and the deprivation of national choice would remain.

Several weeks ago, Clark Clifford suggested that when there is a taint of mis-election, the President and Vice President should resign and allow Congress and the executive to appoint an interim President, who would govern until the next election, but could not succeed himself. The Clifford plan has one central problem: like the arrival of Kafka's Messiah, it must presuppose for its

operation the very conditions which it aims to create. There is no indication that Messrs. Nixon and Agnew are hastening to enlist in the Clifford plan.

Innovations like these are unnecessary, for the judiciary in our constitutional system can play a formidable role in remedying mis-elections. Our statutory remedies for election violations deal, for the most part, with punishment of the violator rather than rectification of the election. But at common law, contested elections could be brought to the courts under a writ of *quo warranto* or, in certain cases, a mandamus and a prohibition. Declaratory judgments and the ordering of a new election are theoretically available in the American legal system and have sometimes been effective in righting electoral wrongs at levels below the Presidency. If a mis-election arises from the denial of the right to vote, gross deprivations of due process or denials of equal protection, courts may be pressed to declare the invalidity of the election and to order a new election. Such a judicial remedy for a Presidential mis-election, if brought by a state under the Supreme Court's original jurisdiction, could be comparatively quick.

The best textbook remedy is, of course, tauntingly useless if judges are unwilling to apply it to the highest levels of government. In the past decade, insider coups have come before courts in a number of foreign jurisdictions influenced by the common law: in Rhodesia, Uganda, Pakistan and the Philippines. In each instance the courts supported the group which had effective power at the time of judgment, resorting to complex and obscure legal arguments for justification. While this uniformity of response is distressing, I am unwilling to conclude that an American court will dismiss outright a *prima facie* mis-election case.

The mere availability of remedies does not mean that their automatic application will serve public order. Would invalidation of an election do more harm to the institution of the Presidency and the American electoral process? I doubt it. Watergate and the activities of the re-election machine are now notorious and their significance is increasingly appreciated. If this ultimate offense is now ignored, how can lesser crimes be punished?

Would impeachment or resignation under fire do the job more quickly and easily? Thus far, Mr. Nixon cannot be impeached and removed for Watergate; no link has yet been firmly established. Of course, further factual revelations may yet make Watergate his Waterloo, but they will not undo the fact of the mis-election. They will merely compound it by filling the White House vacuum with a man for whom no one really voted.

The quickest route for a judicial remedy for mis-election is an original action brought by any state to the Supreme Court. In the American system, this means that a state government would have to be persuaded to start an action. If the Court then declared a mis-election and called for a re-election, its decision might deter future Watergates and any latent executive propensities for insider coups.

MICHAEL REISMAN

Professor of Law, Yale Law School

NEW VETS & THE OLD LEGION

JULIUS DUSCHA

Washington

The tight little Washington subculture known as the "veterans' world" is worried today, the uneasiness extending from the Veterans Administration building and the American Legion headquarters downtown to the Senate and House Veterans' Affairs Committee and the Veterans of Foreign Wars headquarters on Capitol Hill. Despite an annual expenditure of \$12 billion, veterans' benefits are barely keeping up with the cost of living, and are yet under strong pressure from President Nixon's economy-minded Office of Management and Budget, which views the benefits more as part of the skyrocketing welfare costs than as a special program for men who have served their country. And already more than 6 million veterans of Vietnam are taking advantage of educational, training and loan benefits; in the years to come, they will add to the burdens of the already understaffed veterans' hospitals and the expensive pension systems.

The American Legion and the other old-line veterans' groups are acutely aware that, despite increases, veterans' benefits account for a smaller part of total federal spending (less than 25 per cent), than they did just a few years ago, and that in the future a fight over this shrinking slice of the federal pie may well develop between the World War II veterans who dominate the Legion, as well as the other groups, and the veterans of Vietnam, who now account for less than one-seventh of the Legion's membership. The issue is almost certain to arise at this year's American Legion convention, being held in Honolulu from August 17 to 23.

If the Legion is to stay alive, its leaders know, it must attract the most recent veterans. Over the Legion and the other groups hangs the memory of the Grand Army of the Republic, the Civil War veterans' organization which once wielded extraordinary power because it represented half of all the men who fought on the Union side, and which then atrophied because it would not take in veterans of the Spanish-American War, on the ground that their service was inferior to the sacrifices of the men who were in the Great War. Similar feelings exist today among World War II veterans active in the Legion. "Well," the post barroom conversation goes, "we won our war but you couldn't seem to win yours."

The problems of which veterans are to get how much from the federal treasury and of assimilating different generations of veterans into one group emerged earlier this year when 1,500 regional leaders of the American Legion converged on Washington for the Legion's annual legislative conference. Wearing their red, white and

blue World War I overseas caps, the Legionnaires were as easy to spot as the first daffodils of spring. Red-faced, balding, paunchy, they packed the hearing rooms of the Senate and House Veterans' committees, while their commander, a 60-year-old Fort Worth businessman named Joe Matthews, testified to the urgent need for more veterans' benefits. They moved from one Congressional office to another, seeking audiences with their Senators and Representatives. In meetings across town in the Sheraton Park Hotel, they heard words of praise from Veterans Administration officials and their own officers. And when night fell they bellied up to the bars to refight the wars.

American Legion week in Washington began in the huge House Caucus Room, where the Legionnaires filled every seat and lined the walls one morning to hear Commander Matthews outline their program for more of everything to the always sympathetic and often sycophantic House Veterans' Affairs Committee. Matthews' calm, matter-of-fact statement on hospital benefits, pensions and other matters of concern to veterans was a far cry from the old days when the legendary Legion lobbyist John Thomas Taylor, resplendent with flowing white hair and waxed mustache, used to stand before the committee and pound the witness table with his cane as he demanded, and usually got, more! more! and more! for veterans.

The committee members listened intently to Matthews and praised him and the Legion extravagantly. But there was uncertainty in the air, for Olin Teague of Texas had just stepped down after eighteen years as committee chairman to become head of the Space Committee. He was being succeeded by William Jennings Bryan Dorn of South Carolina, who—unlike Teague and despite his twenty-five years of service in the House—is not part of the oligarchy that runs the place.

Teague, a squat, feisty man of 63 with a red face and white hair, whose World War II combat record earned him the nickname "Tiger," had built up a reputation for carefully screening veterans' demands and bringing only reasonable legislation to the House floor—thus saving members from being forced to cast embarrassing anti-veteran votes. In the past few years, for example, he fended off such expensive proposals as that advanced by the "Wonnies" (World War I) for a pension for every veteran of World War I, regardless of need. The American Legion knew it was going to miss Teague; it also realized that Dorn is not his equal. For one thing, Teague has an extraordinary World War II combat record and is the most decorated man in Congress.

Not only was there uncertainty that day over the future leadership of the House Committee; there were also nagging doubts on the part of some committee members about the Legion itself. Only Rep. John P. Saylor of Pennsylvania, the ranking Republican member of the committee, expressed those misgivings when he said to Matthews: "Everyone's been so nice to you today. No one's asked you an embarrassing question. When I read in the

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paper that your organization didn't come out on the economy move because Mr. Johnson who is V.A. Administrator is a former national commander, I was a little disturbed."

Saylor was talking about an Administration proposal to reduce benefits to disabled veterans by \$160 million a year, a proposal made by OMB and then withdrawn by President Nixon after it came under attack from veterans' organizations. "We made just as strong an appeal against the action as anyone else did," Matthews answered, bristling a bit. "We were in opposition to the move. We are still in opposition to the move."

However, the Legion had protested the economy move in a mildly worded letter that shared Chairman Dorn's "concern" over the proposal. Dorn himself had said that he was "shocked" by the cutback and the VFW had spoken out in strong words about taking money "out of the pockets of the Vietnam veterans who had made the extra sacrifice during the trying period of our history."

The feeling persists on Capitol Hill that the Legion tried to soft-pedal the issue because administrator Johnson has had to take the heat for the proposed cutback.

From the House Caucus Room, the Legionnaires moved over to the auditorium of the New Senate Office Building, where the Senate Veterans' Committee convened that afternoon to hear Matthews repeat the testimony he had given before the House Committee. Although it is a short walk from the House to the Senate side of the Capitol, three red-faced, puffing veterans piled into a cab, which moved slowly across the Capitol grounds because some other petitioners kept getting into the street. The rival petitioners were black anti-poverty workers protesting the dismantling of the Office of Economic Opportunity. "Whoee!", hooted one of the Legionnaires in the cab, pointing to a stout black woman who seemed to be leading a charge across the street. "Look at her! I bet they'd charge anywhere if their sergeant told them to!"

The crowd of Legionnaires who sat through the Senate hearing had thinned out a bit from the morning, and a few napped as Matthews droned through his testimony. Until two years ago veterans' legislation was handled in the Senate by the Finance and the Education and Labor Committees, and the Senate Veterans' Committee, headed by Vance Hartke of Indiana, is seeking to assert its authority on the Hill by proposing benefit packages bigger than those coming from the House Committee.

"I hope you have a good time while you're here," Hartke said as the hearing adjourned, "and I hope you don't get into any trouble." On the way back to the Sheraton Park Hotel for a drink before dinner—the Legion's reputation for drinking and hell-raising is still richly deserved—a couple of Legionnaires got to talking in a cab about the newcomers from Vietnam. Not many are in positions of leadership in the Legion, they agreed. Then one said: "They ain't ready for it yet." At the Sheraton Park the next morning, the Legionnaires heard from a veteran of Vietnam who is not only ready for leadership but has assumed it. He is 27-year-old James M. Mayer, who lost both his legs below the knee when he stepped on a land mine in Vietnam in 1969 and who is now president of the National Association of Collegiate Vet-

erans. Mayer hopes to expand the fledgling 25,000-member association into the National Association of Vietnam Veterans and seeks support from all 6 million veterans of that war. A tall, handsome, dark-haired man who gets along with the aid of artificial legs and a cane, Mayer is from Shrewsbury, Mo., where he belongs to American Legion Post 111.

"Our government," he told the Legionnaires, "has moved from a war in South Vietnam to a new conflict at home. This conflict is the 'Battle of the Bulging Budget.' And it is my contention that our Vietnam veterans, and veterans of past wars, have been victimized—ambushed if you will—in this battle."

After detailing and deploring reductions in veterans' hospital and medical care budgets and noting the 9 percent unemployment rate among those back from Vietnam, Mayer pleaded with the Legion to put aside such emotional issues as opposition to amnesty and concentrate on the needs of his fellow veterans.

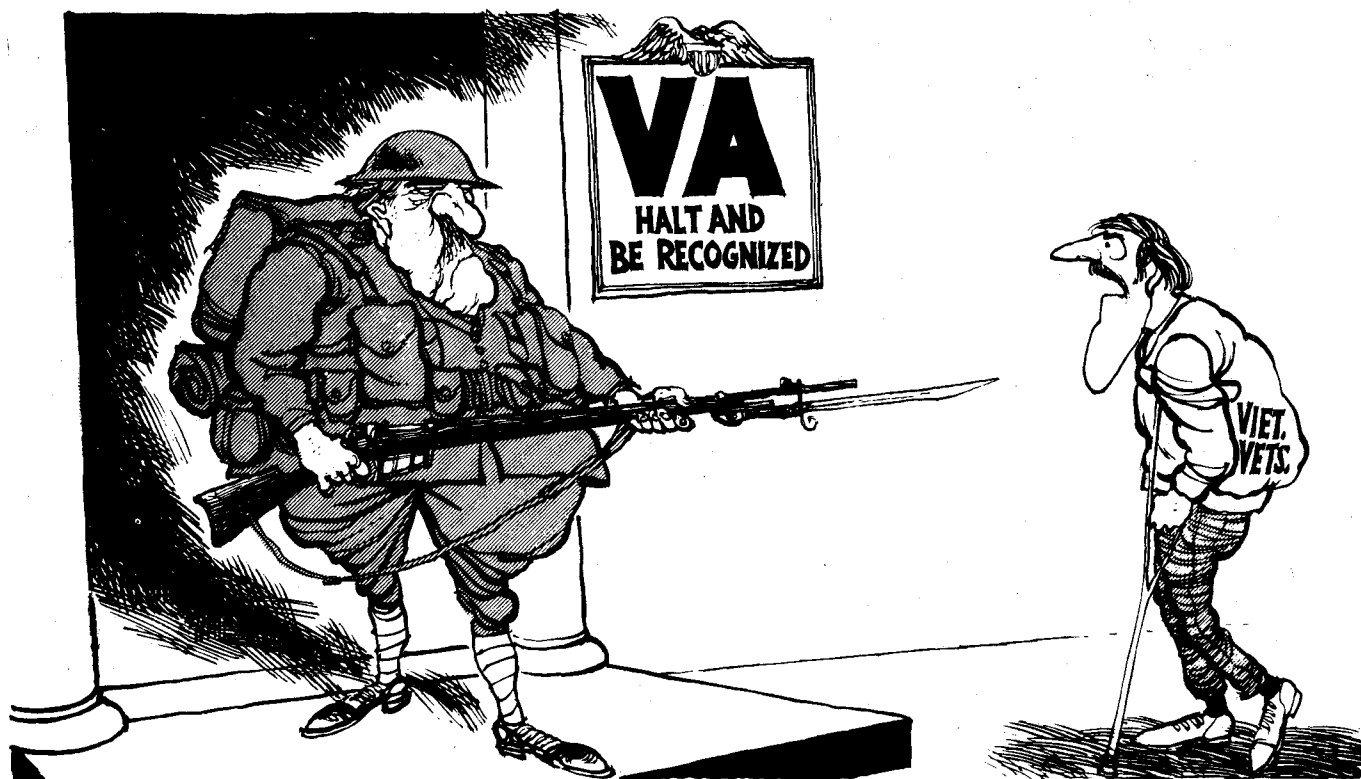
"Although the National Association of Collegiate Veterans takes no organization stand for or against amnesty," Mayer said, "I appeal for a moratorium on the amnesty debate, for as Archie Bunker would say to both sides, let's 'stifle ourselves' until our nation recognizes and makes a strong commitment to the needs and problems of those who fought this often traumatic war—the Vietnam veterans."

Mayer received polite applause as he hobbled back to his chair on the dais. It was nothing like the reception Congressman Dorn got that afternoon when he said from the same podium: "I believe in supporting the people who fought and not those who ran off, spat on the flag, burned draft cards, and helped Hanoi hold out. To welcome them back would be a disgrace to the people who fought in the war." On that same day, V.A. Administrator Johnson, a big, voluble man who charges into a meeting like a Brahma bull, took over the microphone for half an hour and, with the aid of blue, yellow and pink slides, defended his agency's budget.

"I intend today to speak candidly, forthrightly and openly with you," said Johnson, a prosperous Iowa farm supply dealer who got his job in 1969 after heading up Veterans for Nixon in the 1968 campaign. He is planning to go back to Iowa at the end of the year, and will probably run for governor in 1974. After listening to confusing figures and looking at the bewildering charts presented by Johnson, the Legionnaires seemed to be suffering from battle fatigue as they staggered out of the room for a drink and some lunch.

That night the Legionnaires entertained members of Congress at one of those huge Washington banquets that politicians feel they must suffer through. Another ritualized part of such dinners is the awarding of a plaque or medal to a Washington figure important to the pressure group. This year the Legion honored Rep. George Mahon of Texas, who, as chairman of the House Appropriations Committee, must approve the V.A. budgets. Those, as one Legionnaire noted, are "the meat and potatoes" of the veterans' lobbying efforts.

The partying began with a noisy cocktail reception and for some did not end until the early hours of the



"The Password? It's 'Veteran,' Isn't It?"

next morning, but most of the Legionnaires made reveille the next day to hear Matthews recount a trip he had made to the Soviet Union last December. Sen. Edward M. Kennedy explain that his national health insurance plan would not doom veterans' hospitals, and Senator Hartke deliver a demagogic speech that absolutely delighted his audience.

Matthews and other Legion leaders say the Russian trip brought surprisingly few complaints, although the Legion's rank and file out in the country still tends to view the Red Menace with the intensity it displayed in the 1950s. However, some members of Congress report they have received a considerable amount of mail from Legion members upset by Matthews' Mission to Moscow. "They want to know," said one Representative, "why the commander is spending so much time with the Russians instead of working harder to increase their pensions." But when Matthews, dapper in his red commander's hat, presented the Legionnaires in Washington with his travelogue, they listened intently and asked no hostile questions.

Kennedy, good box office even with the conservative Legion, attracted a larger audience than Matthews, but got a cool response, despite his assurance that "no legislation that I am urging will in any way seek to erode the unique status of the V.A. medical system." Everywhere at the Washington conference one could hear Legionnaires decrying national health insurance plans such as the one being advanced by Kennedy because they think such measures would make the V.A. medical and hospital systems part of a national system that would not give special attention to veterans.

A recent report on the V.A. issued by Ralph Nader's

Center for the Study of Responsive Law concluded, however, that veterans and their families would get better medical and hospital care under a national health insurance program than they now receive from the V.A. The report found that the V.A. is deficient in out-patient services, often duplicates community hospital services, and emphasizes the treatment of chronic diseases in older veterans rather than providing rehabilitation and psychological aid to veterans of Vietnam.

Senator Hartke, the final "star" speaker on the Washington program, had no trouble rousing the Legionnaires with such statements as "Not one American penny will go to North Vietnam so long as there is one veteran in need," and "I don't want to walk ahead of you; I'll be damned if I'll walk behind you; I want to walk side by side with you." Hartke ended his speech with an appeal for a massive Legion membership drive so that he would have more support for veterans' legislation. Said Hartke: "We need that membership list increased. People might ask: 'What are you doing? Soliciting membership for the American Legion?' Yup, that's exactly what I'm doing. If you don't increase your membership you will short-change the Vietnam veterans of today and the World War II veterans of yesterday. There won't be any hospitals left to worry about."

The Legion's week in Washington was partly show business, partly serious. It served to remind members of Congress of the Legion's presence and presumed power. It was a focal point for its legislative program. It energized the local leaders back home and developed valuable contacts between the Legion's grass roots and the Senators and Representatives who will be voting on

veterans' benefits during the year. It is a technique that almost every major pressure group from the AFL-CIO to the U.S. Chamber of Commerce has found effective.

"Before I came here," an aide to a key member of Congress said, "I thought that veterans' legislation was a motherhood issue, that the veterans' groups could really shake the trees, that the veterans' groups would call up and that people up here would quake in their boots. But I've discovered that it's their perceived power rather than their actual power that is important. I'll bet last year, when we were trying to increase GI Bill educational benefits, that we didn't get 1,000 letters from Legion members. We got a lot more mail than that from Legion members against amnesty."

This year, however, members of Congress are hearing from Legion members whose veterans' pensions were reduced when Social Security increases became effective last fall. The Legion and the other veterans' groups are mounting a drive to increase the pension payments and make them immune from Social Security changes. The pensions are now based on total income available to the veterans, and when Social Security goes up they have been going down.

In its Washington office, headed by National Adjutant William E. Hauck, the Legion has a lobbying staff of three. Herald E. Stringer, a lawyer, and his colleagues follow through during the year on the Legion legislative program by testifying at hearings, talking with members of the Veterans' committees and other Congressmen and helping to write bills. A few times during the year the Legion lobbyists try to stimulate letters from back home in support of particular bills; they get their best response from the 900,000 wives of Legion members who belong to the Women's Auxiliary.

The last time the Legion really turned out the letters and telegrams was in the mid-1960s, when Lyndon B. Johnson threatened to close down some veterans' hospitals; the Legion's efforts managed to keep some of them open. Last year, however, President Nixon successfully vetoed two pet Legion bills. One would have provided more money for national cemeteries and veterans' burial allowances; the other would have opened V.A. hospitals to veterans' dependents.

These two bills are back on the Legion's legislative agenda this year, along with such other major matters as across-the-board increases in benefits and such parochial

issues as returning Memorial and Veterans' Days to their original dates, instead of marking them on the nearest Mondays.

The Legion lobbyists are most comfortable in quiet sessions with the members and staff of the veterans' committees, where they have learned to work out their differences so that legislation can be approved by the committees with unanimous votes that encourage the same kind of unanimity when the measures come up for passage in the Senate or House itself.

That is the way it has been for nearly twenty years. A handful of House and Senate members have determined what Congress will take without whimpering in the way of increased veterans' benefits each year. The veterans' programs are incredibly complicated, and most Senators and Representatives will go along with the committee decisions rather than try to determine what is just.

But this clubby atmosphere of the veterans' world in Washington is changing, just as the cold-war climate of the rest of the world changed enough to allow the commander of the American Legion, which in the 1950s called for indoctrinating American youth with "an implacable abhorrence of the world Communist conspiracy," to visit Moscow itself.

Into the veterans' world have been mixed the 6 million men and women who served in the armed services during what the V.A. and the Pentagon still euphemistically call the Vietnam era, and they are people whose needs are far different from those of the aging World War II veterans who now dominate the Legion, the other veterans groups and the V.A.

At the same time, the President and his aides in the Office of Management and Budget are looking ever more carefully at the bulging V.A. budget, which has doubled in just seven years. Serious questions are being asked about a \$12 billion veterans' program, 40 per cent of which goes for benefits and pensions that have nothing to do with service-connected disabilities—benefits and pensions that are welfare payments under another name.

It is no longer enough to point out, as Legion Commander Matthews likes to do, that "since Lincoln's time it has been recognized that a veteran has preferential status." Nor can the Legion any longer demonstrate its relevance, as it did at its 1972 convention, by denouncing Jane Fonda for taking a trip to Hanoi. □

THE YOUNG MUTINEERS

With the Greek Sailors in Rome

JOHN NICOLOPOULOS

Washington

The French National Radio beams a daily half-hour short-wave news program to Greece at 1:30 P.M. Many Greeks, both inside and outside Greece, listen to this program, because it is put together by first-rate Greek newsmen under the direction of Mikhalis Stylianou,

formerly a senior writer on the Athens daily *Eleutheria*.

On Saturday, May 26, the main item on this broadcast was the *Velos* affair: the Greek destroyer *Velos* (*Arrow*) had abandoned a NATO exercise which was taking place off the coast of Italy, steamed up to the port of Fiumicino, some 20 miles west of Rome and, as Italian Coast Guard vessels maneuvered frantically around it, sent forth the following radio message:

Convinced of the solidarity of the entire free world, we are entering the fight for the re-establishment of democracy in Greece. It is well known that a group of officers motivated by personal interest set up a brutal and hated dictatorship in our country six years ago. The present rebellion of the armed forces at sea is an expression of the Greek people. The free world, and most particularly NATO, must become aware of the catastrophic deterioration of the Greek armed forces upon which rests the defense of NATO's southern flank. At this very moment, officers on active duty are being arrested, humiliated, beaten and tortured by other officers and enlisted men of the Greek military police.

The message was signed by the destroyer's skipper, Capt. Nicholas Pappas. And, interwoven with the above, the Greek crew sent their own none too subtle message in their choice of background music: *bouzouki* strains, light-hearted, sunny, far removed from the ponderous rhetoric of both the dictatorship and many of its opponents.

When I landed at Fiumicino airport on the afternoon of May 31, I telephoned some Greek friends. They said that it was the easiest thing to see Captain Pappas and his men. I got into a cab headed up the Via Aurelia for Rome. The Mediterranean presence was strong: oleanders, tall sunburned weeds—already summer here.

I engaged in the usual small talk with the taxi driver. As soon as he heard that I was Greek he exclaimed, "And how is Captain Pappas?" "Fine," I answered uncertainly, taken aback by the irony of such warm feelings for a Greek naval officer in Rome, considering the bitter Italo-Greek rivalry in the Mediterranean, most recently illustrated during World War II. "Dictatorship is brutal," said the driver, as if in answer to my thought. Other differences are forgotten in the presence of that dread disease. Romans over 40 know it well.

The *Velos* crew had taken up quarters at the Greek-owned Pension Acropolis, near the railroad and airline terminals. As we pulled up to the entrance I noticed two jeeps of the *carabinieri* parked discreetly down the block.

Upstairs, the Corfute owner grudgingly let me have a room for one night. He had played havoc with his reservations book in order to accommodate the unexpected compatriots. A clever man, he realized that history had entered his modest establishment and he knocked himself out to live up to the occasion.

The lobby was full of *Velos* crewmen, sprawled in chairs, passing around Greek newspapers, watching themselves on TV—for they had already given a press conference and several interviews. Very young men—longish hair, modish civilian clothes, the uniculture uniform of the 1970s. I felt foolish saying something like "Take me to your leader." The atmosphere was extremely un-military, but as I soon discovered, Pappas has the respect and devotion of his crew. They call him "Capta-Nikola," informally, in the manner of the Greek merchant marine;

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they are protective of him and, though he had stranded them in a Rome rooming house, it was clear that they were still prepared to follow him anywhere.

Captain Pappas was out with their lawyer, another Greek, George Kouratos of Cephalonia. (He is the legal counsel to the *Velos* crew only, and is not the King's lawyer—as *Newsweek* reported, to his consternation.) I did not meet them until the next afternoon. Kouratos had hardly slept for a week. As we talked, he kept excusing himself to go to the bathroom and soak his head in cold water in order to keep awake. He told me how he had "abducted" Captain Pappas from the *carabinieri* on the first evening ashore, thus helping the Italian Government—by setting a "precedent"—to decide not to enforce statutes requiring that political refugees be interned for several weeks at a camp near Trieste. Instead, they received U.N. passports and work permits within a day.

Pappas is a stocky, self-assured but unassuming man in his early 40s, with a very matter-of-fact air. When I first saw him at Kouratos' apartment he was being interviewed by an English-speaking crew of the RAI (Italian national radio and TV). He was calm, clear and convincing. No, the *Velos* had not come to Fiumicino to pick up the King. No, it did not have a timetable for the general naval insurrection back home. What it had had to go by was the feeling of mounting tension and, suddenly, the news of massive arrests of naval officers. Once it became clear that the junta had decided to settle accounts with the Navy, he had decided to stay out of Greece as a witness to the emasculation of the Greek defense potential. He put it to his officers and crew. All 270 wanted to follow him ashore. He convinced those with families to remain on the ship. He failed to convince six ensigns and twenty-four petty officers, all of whom were now at the Acropolis. Pappas has already presented his case at the NATO Foreign Ministers' conference in Copenhagen, June 12 to 15, where the Greek issue was diplomatically side-stepped. The junta responded by stripping Pappas of his Greek citizenship, an honor reserved for major opponents of the dictatorship. He is now eager to pursue the mission he has set for himself in Washington.

Saturday, June 2, was the anniversary of the establishment of the Italian Republic in 1946. A grand parade was in progress down the Emperors' Forum, from the Coliseum to the Piazza Venezia. Drums rumbled, trumpets resounded over the Seven Hills of Rome. In the Pension Acropolis the sounds blared from the TV in the lobby, while in the dining room the BBC was filming the *Velos* crew at breakfast. "These men chose not to attend," was the commentator's opening gambit. Whereupon Pappas took the British newsmen aback by flatly discounting royalism as a serious motive for the insurrection. "We are not Royalists," he insisted earnestly. "All we ask for is the vote. Constitutional monarchy or democratic republic are the same for us. Let Papadopoulos proceed to elections as he has sworn to do twenty times over. We are soldiers and our highest duty is to defend the freedom of the Greek people."

Two days earlier, the junta had fired Adm. Constantine Margaritis, chief of the Navy General Staff. He had made a self-serving statement disparaging Pappas, but to no

avail. "Had I been head of the Navy for five years," commented Pappas bitterly after the BBC people had left, "and I had been forced to see dozens of my officers dragged to the torture chambers of the ESA (military police), I would have had the decency to commit suicide."

About 200 officers were being "put to the question" by the end of the week. Pappas and his men were constantly on the phone to Athens, with the families of those who had been arrested. A *Velos* ensign calls home—dialing direct from Rome—and a classmate, just released after "questioning" by the ESA, is there to pick up the phone: "Great work, you guys! Congratulations! They've beaten the shit out of me and they'll do it again because they're listening in right now, but I want you guys to know that we are all with you."

Late that night the lobby of the Acropolis turned into a marathon seminar, the Greek need for dialogue spontaneously taking control. It was a free and far-ranging political discussion, with many historical and sociological insights being offered, accepted, rejected, praised, ridiculed. A refreshing and moving experience.

I was told that it was precisely in such a session on the *Velos* two years ago that an intriguing incident had occurred: in order to illustrate a point in the course of a political argument, one of the junior officers had smashed a *tavli* (backgammon) board and draped it on the brass phoenix, the symbol of the Papadopoulos regime, which many Greeks call "the evil bird." The officer had been demoted and sentenced to several years in jail. At the court-martial he had spoken vigorously and well, urging a speedy return to democracy. Today we know that this man was not a solitary eccentric.

"This ship is no refuge for nonconformists or left

wingers," said Captain Pappas, picking up the point. "It is a typical unit of the Greek Navy. My men are like all the other crews—a cross section of Greek society. And they are no different from the men in the Air Force and the Army. We are privileged only in that circumstances have placed us in a position where we can speak openly, for the public record."

The ensigns casually surrounding Pappas agreed. They offered themselves as a good illustration. There are six of them: K. Khordis, N. Zissimopoulos, K. Matarangas, G. Stratos, P. Hatzipetros and E. Prokopakis. This is their story:

Most of them belong to the class of 1971, the first to enter the Naval Academy after the Colonels' coup of April 21, 1967. It is customary in Greece for service academy classes to assume a name for themselves, and this one was christened the "Class of April 21." The cadet at the head of the class was the son of Col. Ioannis Ladas, the junta's original internal security chief, classmate and friend of Papadopoulos in the Military Academy class of 1940. There were other "Colonels'" sons as well: Patilis, Dertilis, Tsirgas, Kelepouras and a nephew of George Papadopoulos himself, ironically surnamed Eleftheriades ("Son of Freedom").

Many of these scions of the junta belonged to the "Fourth of August Movement," a Greek neo-Fascist party, and conducted intensive pro-regime propaganda. But it did not bother their classmates very much, for they had little interest in formal politics. What really got to them was the life style of the Colonels' young. Little things—the chauffeur-driven ministerial limousine, with curtains drawn, at the disposal of Ladas, Jr. Or young Eleftheriades'



Oliphant, The Denver Post

"Smile! You Are Dancing Because You Are Now a Democracy!"

\$8,500 Lancia AKF, on which he spent another \$5,000 or \$6,000 in repairs, as he cracked it up regularly (of course, he got no traffic tickets), all on a salary of \$200 a month.

The matter of traffic tickets added a Kafkaesque dimension to the situation, because *none* of the ensigns was ever given any traffic tickets. One of them told me that he demanded to be given a traffic ticket when he had committed a parking violation as his right as an ordinary citizen. But the policeman refused. Gradually, the idea sank in that the regime was corrupt.

Youth reacts strongly to disenchantment. The revulsion became so powerful that it was shared by all young officers in the Navy, including the great majority of the junta's children. The Colonels who had sent their sons to the Naval Academy, perhaps with the ulterior motive of capturing the recalcitrant Navy from the inside, merely lost their sons.

Having rejected the "Revolution of April 21," the young people looked for and found their leadership elsewhere. They took another look at their "natural" leadership, the naval chain of command, and saw that it was good. In fact, they were lucky: leadership positions in the Navy in the early 1970s were occupied by the members of the first post-civil war classes of the Naval Academy, and particularly by the class of 1952, the year Greece joined NATO. That is the class of Captain Pappas.

Except for Nicholas Pappas, one of the very few members of the class of 1952 known to have escaped imprisonment and torture at the hands of the junta's military police is Takis Petrakos, a certified public accountant who has been living in New York since 1961. I looked him up when I returned from Rome, and was immediately struck by the same expression of quiet self-assurance that I had seen in Pappas. There is no physical resemblance—Petrakos is tall, long-limbed, athletic-looking in the American manner—but the two men share a definite spiritual aura. It turns out that Petrakos was the head of the class of 1952; and that far from having lost sight of his classmates after he left the Navy, he has kept in close touch and has seen a number of them over the years.

This was not difficult, Petrakos explained, because, beginning with his class, the Greek Navy has been thoroughly American-trained in all advanced specialties. Greek officers have chalked up excellent records in every U.S. Navy advanced specialization course. He mentioned some of the officers now in jail, whom he considers especially well-known in American naval circles: Alexander Papadongonas, Thanassi Sekeris, Thanassi Giokezas, Pano Malliaris, Aris Koliyannis and Paloumbis, who scored 100 per cent at the Graduate Center at Monterey.

According to Petrakos, the Navy had sufficiently recovered its balance after the drastic purge following the abortive "Royal" counter-coup of December 1967 to pose a serious threat to the Papadopoulos regime by 1969. At that time and thereafter—until last spring—the hostility was a stand-off. Papadopoulos knew how the Navy felt, but feared a scandal: he could not move to dismantle the Navy. The Navy, on the other hand, would not take the initiative for a confrontation with no viable political solution in view. Tension was mounting.

The Karamanlis statement of April 22, 1973 changed all that. It offered a detailed blueprint for a return to democratic procedures. It was received as proof that Greek political leaders had finally bridged their differences, transcended the political deadlock that had made things easy for Papadopoulos in 1967. It was also seen as proof that all concerned had learned their lessons, including the King who, much more mature at 33 than he was a decade ago, appeared ready to play the British or Scandinavian constitutional game under a Government of National Unity, which would prepare the country for elections. All agreed that only such a strong government, presumably under the respected Constantine Karamanlis, would be in a position to liquidate the grotesque institutional enormities of the junta, and lead the Greek people up the road of political and cultural reconstruction.

This message was all that was needed to ignite the fuse of the naval rebellion, and there is no reason to assume "conspiratorial" links with the King. Now the Navy could not hold back. Knowing that Papadopoulos' intelligence system was aware of its options, hoping that Papadopoulos would not choose to dismantle the nation's armed forces in order to retain power, the Navy edged toward open "rebellion." The plan, which allegedly involved the occupation of islands in the Aegean and a blockade of the ports of Piraeus and Thessaloniki, should be seen more in terms of a naval demonstration. The purpose was to force the dictatorship to admit that it was in a *cul-de-sac*. This purpose, it might be added, has been amply attained. Captain Pappas told me that, had he chosen to, he could have executed an act of piracy, "a Tupamaros-type action," and demanded the liberation of all arrested officers and other political prisoners. He had nothing to fear from either Navy or Air Force, and he had 8,000 shells aboard. But he concluded that the demonstration effect had been attained, and that that was enough for the moment.

This view certainly underestimated Papadopoulos' compulsion of a lifetime; and it overestimated the capacity of NATO and the United States to react intelligently to a crisis of this nature within the alliance. But it also underlined the sense of responsibility and humanity with which these men approached an extremely volatile and emotion-packed problem.

Saturday night at the Acropolis. The *Velos* crewmen gathered for dinner. I sat with a group of young career petty officers. They had been to the Vatican Museum and St. Peter's Cathedral and were complaining of their aching feet. With very little money at their disposal—mainly funds hastily collected among Greeks living abroad—they had to walk everywhere. Yet they had conscientiously visited all the prescribed places in Rome. They explained to me that they had an obligation to do so. They discussed Athens versus Rome like earnest freshmen in a Western Civilization class. Then they surprised me, for they had done what I had done myself earlier in the day: they had gone to Piazza Venezia to stand under the balcony from which the Duce used to pontificate on fascism. They were perplexed. They could not understand how Mussolini could ever have been popular. They couldn't think of him as anything but ridiculous: like Papadopoulos.

But our discussion was cut short unexpectedly. With great rustling and twittering like a flock of exotic birds, a busload of Spanish nurses settled onto the Acropolis, and there followed a major Greco-Spanish encounter unforeseen by the junta, which has been assiduously cultivating the Franco regime. The fresh, healthy, working youth of Spain and Greece needed no further introduction. After dinner, there were lessons of *syrtaki* and *paso doble*, exhibitions of flamenco, *khassapiko*—and hard rock, exuberant and carefree, in the atmosphere of a college mixer. Very reluctantly, I left them. I had a plane to catch.

Downstairs, the elegantly turned out *carabinieri* of the Italian police guard looked merely decorative. Across the street, a couple of KYP men (Papadopoulos' intelligence operatives) looked seedy, aging, uncomfortable. As I hailed a cab for Fiumicino it dawned on me that Papadopoulos is essentially correct in linking the *Velos* "mutiny" to the student disturbances of last spring. What he cannot understand, however, as in the case of the role of the King and

Karamanlis, is that the true nature of this link is not conspiratorial: it is elemental. It is the collective expression of the European postwar generation, strengthened by the post-junta generation in Greece.

These conditions have added a certain impatient recklessness to the mood of the young Greeks that recalls the youth of Budapest and Prague. And, as it is doubtful that Soviet tanks will ever move in to save Papadopoulos, his time is running out, despite the "referendum," and he knows it.

At one point in the course of the evening, the Greek sailors were trying to teach the Spanish girls *Tarzan in the Jungle*, one of the gloomy-humorous new songs now current in Greece, but which I had not heard before. I retained these verses:

*We'll go to the jungle in Africa
To be eaten by the wild beasts
So that History will write about us.
That we didn't die of boredom in Athens.*

□

THE FUTURE OF VANDALISM

STANLEY COHEN

When I wrote earlier in *The Nation* (November 11, 1968) about the "politics of vandalism," I was concerned to point out the subjective and objective elements in the problem: that is, how different society's responses can be to the "same" behavior. The mere fact of rule-breaking—the illegal and deliberate destruction or defacement of property—does not insure that the label "vandal" will be used. Most property destruction is condoned or ritualized. And on the other hand, "vandalism" is often used as an emotive label, especially to discredit the motivation behind ideologically inspired forms of property damage.

The vandalism problem is still very much with us; even the most casual reader of the British and American press must gain the impression that most of the property around him is about to be totally destroyed or defaced. News items daily report dramatic incidents of vandalism, estimates by public authorities on the cost and prevalence of the activity and—increasingly in these days of instant solutions—new programs to "end vandalism." Here are some recent American examples of such reports: a statement earlier this year by Mayor Lindsay that New York is spending \$10 million a year to control graffiti, without making an appreciable dent in their spread, and would have to allocate \$24 million to reduce the defacement substantially; an announcement that an American company has developed a yellow liquid, called in the trade DWR (dirty-word remover) to remove anything from

spray paint to felt-tipped jottings. How does all this come to terms with the problem?

One might start to answer by looking at the stereotype of—to quote Mayor Lindsay—"the thoughtless behavior which lies behind graffiti vandalism." The concept that they are thoughtless, meaningless, senseless dominates the public view of graffiti and blocks alternative explanations. The possibility that the behavior might in some senses be meaningful is not entertained. The Mayor's chief of staff went on to say: "The most important notion to be discredited publicly is that graffiti vandalism and defacement of property can be cloaked with justifications or excuses that it is an acceptable form of Pop art." It would be romantic in the extreme to "cloak" all forms of vandalism with such justifications: graffiti might indeed be "the last urban folk art" (a description by an English poet) or "stunningly beautiful and socially heartening. A kind of people's concrete poetry" (letter in *The New York Times*), but such descriptions could readily distort the nature of the phenomenon. A similar distortion is to think of everyone who smashes a window as an embryonic revolutionary against "the system." But somewhere between totally discrediting the motivation of vandalism, and attributing to it spurious aesthetic qualities, some patterns can be distinguished.

Vandalism is not wanton, senseless or meaningless. It has a shape both in terms of the type of property that is damaged—more often public than private, more often derelict than well kept—and in the clusters of different meanings and motives attributed to it by the offender. There are clear types:

(1) *Acquisitive vandalism.* Breaking open telephone coin boxes, electric or gas meters, slot machines; stripping lead and wire from buildings.

(2) *Tactical vandalism.* Breaking a window in order to be arrested and get a bed in prison; jamming a

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machine in a factory to enforce a rest period or draw attention to grievance.

(3) *Ideological vandalism.* Similar to some tactical vandalism, but intended to further an explicit ideological cause or to deliver a message: breaking embassy windows during a demonstration, chalking slogans on walls.

(4) *Vindictive vandalism.* For example, windows of a youth club or school are broken to settle a grudge against the club leader or head teacher.

(5) *Play vandalism.* Destruction because of a game: who can break the most windows of a house, who can shoot out the most street lamps?

(6) *Malicious vandalism.* An expression of rage or frustration, often directed at symbolic middle-class property. This is the type of vandalism which is on the surface vicious and senseless, and which people find so difficult to understand. Many types of juvenile vandalism have the elements of both play and malice: defecating in elevators, urinating in telephone booths, cutting boats loose from their moorings, breaking lights in railway cars.

It is this last, most difficult type of vandalism that I want particularly to explain: the fusion of vindictiveness, malice and play that one finds in vandalism committed in late adolescence, in large groups and in public settings. In Britain, it is associated with such folk devils as the Teddy Boys, the Mods and Rockers, the Skinheads. The routes to such vandalism are very similar to those sketched in America by Paul Goodman in *Growing Up Absurd*, a book written nearly twenty years ago, and still the best account of growing up in industrial society.

In Britain, the context is the working-class adolescent's dissociation from school and work and his subsequent adoption of manufactured excitement as a release from

the problems society has created for him. A stream of working-class boys goes through the school system without showing any allegiance to its values or absorbing the aspirations it tries to inculcate. "The school," to quote from an essay written by an East End boy, "was always trying to turn you into something you were not. It was a waste of time." For a few, this perception is tied up with a conscious revolt against the school, but most realize the pointlessness of lashing out in that direction and retreat into a sullen resentment of the rules of the game.

As soon as possible the boys leave school. They perceive fairly accurately the implications for their future lives of the education they've received. They are realistic: the scope is small and their aspirations reflect this low-ceilinged job market. They are not inherently disillusioned about jobs, any more than they are about education; the jobs are indeed tedious dead ends. Money is therefore, and quite rightly, the most important occupational criterion. There's no point in having ambition if you're driving a van, working on a building site or doing an unskilled factory job. As Goodman said, nobody asks whether a job is useful, worthy, dignified, honorable. People grow up realizing that "during my productive years I will spend eight hours a day doing what is not good." So "if there is nothing worth while, it is hard to do anything at all," and if a street-corner kid tells you he wants to do "nothing," you shouldn't be surprised.

More recently in Britain than in America, a new element has intruded into the situation: the mass teen-age leisure culture. Traditional working-class pursuits (beer, darts in the pub, the football park) can't compete with this glossy new image; the conventional youth club is unappealing and mass involvement in radical politics is as remote a prospect as ever.



Photograph by James Hilton. Published in *Golden Boy* as *Anthony Cool* by Herbert Kohl (Dial Press).

So only the new youth culture and the town are left, and here the group that asks the most gets the least. Opportunities for excitement, autonomy or, less ambitiously, a simple sense of *action*, are blocked. Either there is nothing available—in the large public housing estates, in towns of about 50,000 population, in the less glamorous outer suburbs of large cities—or what is offered is drab and mediocre. What the young person wants, or what society tells him he should want to want, cannot be reached. He doesn't have enough money to participate even vicariously; he doesn't have the talent, luck or contacts to make it directly.

Faced by leisure goals he cannot reach, with little commitment or attachment to others, and lacking a sense of any control over his future, his situation develops an edge of desperation. This feeling some sociologists identify as preceding the drift into delinquency. The mood of fatalism, of seeing oneself as effect rather than cause, of being pushed around (in school, in work, at home) does not "determine," but does encourage this drift. Rather than do nothing, one "manufactures excitement," one "makes things happen," one exploits situations.

Vandalism is just right for this situation; it is the ideal form of rule-breaking both in *expressive* terms (expressing certain values) and in *instrumental* terms (solving certain structural problems). It is satisfying and provides just the right amount of risk. If one is looking for toughness, excitement, action and a sense of control (however self-defeating and illusory in the long run), school and work do not provide the appropriate settings. One deliberately enters into other situations which provide real testing grounds; where the action is, where the risks must be taken. Here one plays what Goffman has called "character contests." These are ways of seeing who will have the honor and character to rise to the situation. Action gets restructured around the familiar settings of street, sports ground, the weekend holiday, railway stations. These places are given new meanings by being made stages for games. Vandalism is perfect for this: it is just the right activity to raise the stakes, to make things more contrived. Thus one sprays acid on a whole street of parked cars, one waits for the last possible minute to do what could have been done easily. If the stakes are raised in public, so much the better. This is a way not just of increasing risks of being observed and detected, but of deliberately provoking, of making a gesture. For the moment it might seem to work, but it defeats itself: it proves that, after all, you are just a hooligan, a vandal, and good for nothing else. Society was right all the time.

This is just one route to vandalism and to one particular kind of vandalism. But I believe it suggests a general rule which can be applied to a range of such phenomena: society as now structured will continue to generate problems for certain groups within it, and then condemn whatever solution these groups find to the problems. We deal with vandalism either by straightforward moral denunciation or through measures which are depressingly uniform in their failure to come to terms with it. Such measures share what Philip Slater has so marvelously characterized as the "compulsive American tendency to avoid confrontation of chronic social prob-

lems": the cinematic tradition, in which things are solved with the grand gesture, the crash program, the commission, the new technological miracle.

The main approaches to the prevention and control of vandalism are as follows:

(1) *Defeatism: What can you do?* The damage is seen as inevitable and written off as not being worth bothering about. That is either because each incident is trivial (although the cumulative cost may be high) or because enforcement and preventive measures are impossible to apply or cost more than the actual damage. This reaction doesn't necessarily imply that the vandalism is condoned; rather that one resigns oneself to its existence.

(2) *Deflection: Understand and channelize.* On the basis of some comprehension of the causes of vandalism, an attempt is made to deflect the behavior into what are perceived as safer, harmless or even constructive alternatives. These methods involve variants on the creative vandalism theme: the Graffiti Alternative Workshops set offenders to decorating walls and fences. (The May 1973 newsletter of the National Art Workers Community argued for the active encouragement and eventual legalization of graffiti.) While there is little unambiguous evidence either from Britain or America that such approaches actually discourage other forms of vandalism, they are probably worth defending in themselves.

(3) *Utilitarian Prevention: Protect and detect.* By far the most favored approach to vandalism is the use of technical methods to protect property, to warn off the prospective offender or to improve the chance of his detection. These techniques are often highly ingenious, not to say bizarre: special graffiti-proof paint, vigilante patrols, bugging schools and other public buildings to detect vandals. During "epidemics" of specified types of vandalism, the victim organization is inundated with suggestions: for example, telephone companies are urged to construct phone boxes which would lock someone in if the equipment is damaged. It is difficult to assess the general effectiveness of these measures; one might point out, though, that they often cost more than does repair of the damage they are designed to prevent.

(4) *Education and Publicity: Bring the lesson home.* This approach favored by local politicians and community leaders, suggests that if the public were only made more aware of the seriousness of vandalism (its cost, possible physical dangers, aesthetic offensiveness) they would do something about it. There is thus an educational goal of inculcating some communal responsibility for vandalism. Numerous towns in Britain have used this approach: mounting huge campaigns with slogans like "Beat Vandalism and Take a Pride in Your Town" and publicity gimmicks like photographic exhibitions of vandalism. Identical methods have been used in America: in Philadelphia, where, as part of the city's 1972 "Clean Up, Paint Up and Fix Up" week, one day was designated "Anti-Vandalism Day." All the evidence I have been able to collect about such campaigns suggests that at best they have no effect at all, and at worst the publicity works in the opposite direction to that intended. An expensive "Anti-Vandalism Week" in Birmingham, England, a few years ago made no impression at all on the vandalism rate, but during the week, 800 lapel badges bearing the slogan,

"I am lending a hand to stop vandalism," were stolen. The educational techniques that have been effective are not based on vague moral exhortations but are directed toward specific problems: for example, the national railways in Britain mounted an effective campaign to stop young children from throwing objects onto the railway line (a practice which had led to a few serious accidents).

To these four most common measures specifically directed at vandalism, one might add the usual suggestions for dealing with delinquency as a whole: the straightforward deterrence and retribution solution (more severe punishments, particularly—in Britain—corporal punishment or some form of public ridicule) and primary prevention techniques, aimed at what are thought the roots of the problem. As the problem is usually incorrectly conceived, such programs for prevention consist of little more than vague recommendations that one should stem the tides of permissiveness, counteract the breakdown in family life and instill in parents and teachers a greater sense of responsibility.

None of these solutions—individually or in various permutations—comes very close to the problem. And if my suggestions about the routes to vandalism have any validity, it follows that vandalism as a solution to a spreading malaise will increase in frequency and intensity. For as the contradictions of our educational system become more apparent, the demands for occupational qualifications are upgraded, the pool of unemployed juveniles is widened, and viable political solutions seem more remote, so will the potential for increasingly violent reactions increase.

And there are two further parts to any projection of the future of vandalism. The first is the sort of environment our large cities will provide in years to come. A mobile society dependent on the motor car, with vast areas of the inner city intersected by highways, the poor and the dropouts living in the derelict areas left behind by the more affluent, will create an environment more impersonal, hostile and likely to be vandalized. One cannot imagine that any combination of moral exhortation, new gadgets or more efficient policing will reduce vandalism. As one English observer, Colin Ward, gloomily notes: "What is more likely is that the litter-strewn, windswept public spaces of the future metropolis will be more unkempt, battered and bedraggled because of the high cost and low prestige of maintenance work (in spite of unemployment), and that the spin-off of consumer technology will provide facilities for more sophisticated forms of vandalism."

The other prospect to anticipate is the fusion between the vandalism of the delinquent sort I have primarily concentrated on and that of the more articulate ideologies of the disaffected and disaffiliated. A new type of *lumpen* intellectual subculture in the big cities—the dropouts from universities, art schools, social work, teaching—has already seized on the obvious ideological connotations of vandalism in a consumer society. Spray-painting slogans, such as "I exist" and "Help, I am suffocating," might be neither particularly revolutionary nor part of an urban folk art revival, but they might be more intentional and thoughtful reactions than we assume to the cities of concrete, straight lines, boredom and desolation. For this reason, they are likely to persist. □

'NO' ON PUBLIC POWER

How They Hornswoggled Berkeley

JOSEPH M. PETULLA

Berkeley
"Your mistake," my friend told me, "is in thinking that electricity means more to anyone than \$10 a month." He's probably right. Last April 17, Berkeley voters could have initiated a process that would have given them control of their own electric distribution system, but they rejected the idea by an almost 3-to-2 margin.

It was Measure 8 on the ballot, and certainly meant more than a few dollars a month to the dozen or so of us who had been working on this issue for about two years. We were convinced that city ownership would make money for the city. Even a very cautious study commissioned by the city concluded that Berkeley could

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make \$500,000 in revenue from the first year of operation, and that the profit would climb to \$3.5 million yearly after twenty years.

We had the study examined by left-wing economists, right-wing economists, engineers, accountants, even the experts of the American Public Power Association. Each had his own reasons for saying so, but all agreed that the study suffered from a conservative bias, that the city could expect to make much more than was forecast.

We didn't think that it would be too hard to convince Berkeleyans that city ownership would be in their best interests. Dozens of municipal projects and social programs are underfunded or not funded at all. It's time, we argued, that city government take on profitable enterprises, rather than only services, like public transportation, that can be expected to run us into debt. The study even showed that city rates would be lower than those of Pacific Gas and Electric Co.

Most of us have long been disturbed by the power companies' betrayal of the public trust. Their major concern, like that of any private corporation, is to make

SUMMER SCHEDULE

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the maximum profit, public regulation of profit margins notwithstanding. Sen. Lee Metcalf has shown again and again that, despite the 7 per cent profit ceiling, power companies manage through bookkeeping and other accounting tricks to squeeze out an average 16 per cent.

They can accomplish this by keeping rates up and continually cutting costs. In California recently the Reagan-appointed Public Utilities Commission allowed P.G.&E. to raise its rates automatically and without public hearings every three months. The first automatic allotment was a cool \$55 million for "fuel offset adjustment."

If it is cheaper to build nuclear plants on the coast over an active earthquake fault, up goes the plant. If it will increase profits to build a fossil fuel plant at Four Corners, build it and let the astronauts admire its smoke plume from halfway to the moon. If small towns want to run their own electric systems and gain some of the profits (as has been the case in the Dakotas and Minnesota), refuse to transmit power from federal power sources to their systems. And all the while spend billions on friendly advertising, encouraging the public either to use more electricity or to cut down on it, depending on the policy of the month.

Since government regulation has failed to check the colossal economic and political power of the private utilities, there is a need for new models of local and regional control over our natural resources. We thought Berkeley was a good place to start a movement in this direction. For although there are already 2,000 public power cities in the country, few seem to be actively concerned about problems of radioactive waste transport and dumping from nuclear plants; nor are they speaking to the question of the conspicuous consumption of energy. Most public power cities are content to rake in large revenue surpluses for their municipal treasuries, at the same time enjoying lower rates than neighboring districts serviced by private companies. They would probably be shocked if one suggested a revision of rate schedules to penalize those who use an inordinate amount of electricity. At present the more electricity you use the less you pay per kilowatt hour.

Our group dreamed that city ownership could pave the way for local control of all these matters, perhaps even under cooperative ownership, so that everyone voted on policy decisions, established rate schedules, etc., or at least elected the board which determined policy.

The election results crushed these hopes. We were dismayed, but not because Berkeley voters did not see the issues our way. We could understand a certain resistance to change and experimentation with a commodity which seemingly is the least of a community's collective worries. No, it is not because of the voters that the election's outcome is hard to swallow; we are chagrined because we hardly had a chance to present our case to them. The story that follows will illustrate why,

but in short, we were outspent, outmanned and outmaneuvered. And it was done at our own expense, through our monthly gas and electric bills. The campaign was a graphic lesson on the lengths to which a "natural" monopoly will go in order to preserve its status.

It began back in 1966 when explorer, teacher, conservationist Walter Packard tried unsuccessfully to persuade the Berkeley City Council to authorize an independent study of the feasibility of municipal power. P.G.&E. produced a study of its own, costing \$79,000 and saying that the project would be eminently unfeasible. That was enough for the council.

When our group repeated the request for an independent study in the summer of 1971, P.G.&E. updated its report (to the tune of \$15,000) to remind the council of its earlier conclusions. Again the council went along.

At this point we decided to draft an initiative directing the city to take the necessary steps to operate its own electric distribution system, with the stipulation that a feasibility study should be the first step. By February 1972, we had collected almost 12,000 signatures, only 7,600 being needed to put the measure on the ballot.

Because there was not sufficient time for a feasibility study to be completed before the June election, and thus the information with which an intelligent voting decision could be made would not be available, the council adopted our initiative into law and later commissioned a feasibility study. Almost overnight a taxpayer's suit was filed to block the ordinance. The suit argued that: the notice of intention to circulate the petition was not placed in a paper of general circulation in the county; the ordinance was too vague; and the ordinance would cost the city too much money. We hired a lawyer who joined forces with the city to defeat the claim.

Within a few days a Citizens' Referendum Committee appeared. Its members announced that they were beginning a referendum petition to disqualify the initiative ordinance. They had to gather only another 7,600 signatures within a thirty-day deadline after the council officially enacted the ordinance; then our original petition would have to be voted on at the next municipal election. The Referendum Committee claimed that it was taking this action because the ordinance would oblige Berkeley to acquire the electric system, whatever the outcome of the feasibility study. They quoted the city attorney to support their argument, but he quickly denied that the city had any obligation to go into an unprofitable business. In any case, Berkeleyans would have to vote on the issuance of revenue bonds before the city could acquire the system, and that was a sure check on hasty or unwise actions.

At a press conference announcing the formation of the Referendum Committee, a spokesman admitted under questioning that P.G.&E. had contributed \$1,000 to the campaign and at that time there were no other contributors. (The Berkeley P.G.&E. manager defended the contribution by saying, "With our property at stake, we have every right to support financially those who share our concern . . . and to exercise our own right of free speech.") He later implied that the purpose of the taxpayer's suit was to gain an additional two weeks to pre-

pare for the referendum campaign; the suit had held up the final reading of our initiative into law.

Since our original initiative had been designed to place the measure on the ballot, we were at first uncertain what our reaction should be. It didn't take long for the muddy waters to clear. For example, a few days after the Referendum Committee offices were opened, we visited them and found a P.G.&E. employee working there. A young black was gathering signatures in front of the office building, and he asked for ours, saying to our astonishment that a new petition was necessary so that a feasibility study could be made. Of course, the study had already been authorized.

The fact is that P.G.&E. and friends did not want to risk a study without a vote. They were confident that they could sway the vote to their side, even if a study strongly recommended city ownership. But first they had to get the signatures. So they hired a public relations firm to direct the public campaign from a special office; a market research firm which opened another office nearby to oversee the signature gathering (the same firm a month earlier had been retained by P.G.&E. to conduct a detailed and extensive survey of public attitudes toward the public power issue in Berkeley); and an employment agency which kept a steady stream of signature gatherers applying to the "market research" firm.

Some signature gatherers were paid at \$2 an hour, plus 10¢ a signature beyond varying standards; some at \$1.75 an hour (these were apparently less desirable "hippie-looking" types), and some were told that their pay was conditional upon their obtaining six signatures an hour. All applicants were advised that the campaign was nonpartisan, so that when many found that P.G.&E. was supporting the campaign and that they were being paid at conflicting rates, they picketed the referendum office. Ten workers quit outright. A few were told that if they did not keep the job they would lose their unemployment benefits.

A considerable war chest was needed to pay for the three firms; the workers and large office staffs; the office rentals; the great amounts of literature printed and mailed; voting lists and other mailings; the earlier public power attitude survey; the court suit; and the "civic-minded" speakers who made the rounds plugging the referendum and at the same time warning dire consequences if public power should ever come to Berkeley. The campaign proved to be a trial run for P.G.&E.

The Referendum Committee was successful, and the measure was to be decided in the April 1973 municipal election. The democratic process didn't frighten us. We were confident that with even a modicum of objectivity the firm's study would be enough of an argument to pass the referendum. We were not effusively happy with the study when it finally was published, but still felt it showed the desirability of municipalization.

During the winter another P.G.&E.-financed community attitude survey was taken in Berkeley—no doubt to see how well the PR firm and Referendum Committee had done their job. And six weeks before the election a Berkeley Citizens "No on 8" Committee opened shop. Once again, their PR man publicly admitted that P.G.&E.

was providing about 25 per cent of the budget; but after all, he said, they would be expected to protect their interests. P.G.&E. also admitted that they were paying employees to work on the election.

Among the financial backers of the "No" Committee were three California banks, the Southern Pacific Land Company and a dozen or more large local firms. Therefore the committee enjoyed a sufficient supply of money to be sure that its viewpoint received wide exposure. It hired door-to-door canvassers (over and above the P.G.&E. employees), mailed four leaflets and a tabloid citywide, placed daily full-page and half-page advertisements in the local papers, and bought 30-second spots around the clock on half a dozen of the most popular Bay Area radio stations.

The "No" people attacked our measure on all fronts but trained their big guns particularly on the black community. The P.G.&E. attitude survey had determined that the student vote for Measure 8 would cancel out the conservative hill vote against it, leaving the black community with the balance of power. A black "No" worker informed us that blacks were hired for \$62 a day to canvass their neighborhoods, speaking against Measure 8. The editor of the black *Berkeley Post*, who has been on a \$6,000-to-\$10,000 retainer from P.G.&E. for a number of years and who had earlier convinced a black woman to file the taxpayer's suit against the enacted ordinance, strongly opposed city ownership. A hip-sounding black made recordings for the committee and these were played interminably on the local black radio station for weeks before the election. The message was uniform: taxes and rates will rise if Measure 8 passes, and money for child care and social programs will dry up to pay for the system. Some of the "No" black emissaries outdid themselves, saying our side wanted city ownership so we would be in line for high-paying city jobs.

The hill community received daily messages in their conservative organ, the *Berkeley Gazette*. It was enough to tell them that municipalization would bring higher property taxes and unreliable, inefficient service—especially to be expected because of the "unstable" political situation in Berkeley. The "No" Committee managed to have local "experts" quoted regularly in front-page news stories, and they predicted disaster if the measure were passed. We found ourselves labeled everything from outright radicals to fiscally irresponsible dupes.

A corps of evangelists against municipalization—meter readers, lawyers, engineers, even some representatives of the League of Women Voters—carried the word to virtually every church, senior citizen, student, civic and neighborhood organization in Berkeley. There was even another lawsuit, initiated by a former mayor of Berkeley and chum of high P.G.&E. executives, contesting the wording of the referendum because it seemed to include the gas as well as electric system.

We didn't have the manpower to keep up with the opposition. And many of our best tactics were co-opted by the "No" Committee and used against us. When we pointed out that the feasibility study was conservative in its estimates, the "No" Committee advertised that there were three sets of figures—P.G.&E.'s, ours and the study's—and thus the whole issue of public power was a

dangerous gamble. After we decided to put out a tabloid to help clear up mounting confusion, the word quickly reached the "No" headquarters (we have open meetings), and a professionally done "No" version, with bigger and more frightening warnings, was mailed to every Berkeley household three days after ours was printed.

Yet the battle was not as one-sided as the above might suggest. The so-called "radical" April Coalition slate for city offices had adopted our issue as a plank in its platform and a hundred or more of its precinct workers carried our material. The Coalition candidates were thoroughly briefed on the question, and often spoke about it at neighborhood gatherings. Two top-notch economists, members of our group, never lost a debate with their familiar opponents, the P.G.&E. lawyers, but then only Lincoln won an election with a debate.

Our media man was far more creative, if less well-heeled, than his counterpart on the "No" Committee. His ads spoke to the real issue: "First we thought the city should buy out P.G.&E.; now it appears that P.G.&E. is going to buy out the city." Or, "Are you confused about Measure 8; take heart—P.G.&E. is doing its best to make things clearer." The "No" Committee came back with, "This time P.G.&E. (Gulp!) happens to be right." (It isn't hip to be pro-P.G.&E. in Berkeley.) The investigative newspaper, *The Bay Area Guardian*, countered with "This time P.G.&E. (Gulp!) happens to be P.G.&E.," documenting its editorial by disclosing the financial backers of the "No" Committee.

By the end of the campaign each side was doing its best to destroy the other's credibility. We tried to show that the heavy P.G.&E. money behind the "No" Committee itself proved that the electric business is profitable. They scoffed at us and our economists. Endorsements from black Rep. Ronald V. Dellums and black Assemblyman John Miller came in two days before the election, scarcely in time for us to get the word out to all their constituents, but we tried in an all-out leafletting effort. I think its main result was a number of bandaged legs from the watchdogs of paranoid property owners.

I believed that we would win, that the people of Berkeley would see through the high-powered, albeit mystifying, fear campaign: "It will cost the people of Berkeley millions of dollars at the risk of higher taxes, higher rates and less service." Since the revenue bonds sold to pay for the system would have been paid off from its profits on sales rather than from the city treasury, city ownership would have had no relationship to the tax rate. And since the city could have paid twice what the system is worth and still have made money, rates would certainly have fallen below P.G.&E.'s. And since professionals would presumably have run the system, it is unlikely that service would have dramatically declined.

We had plenty of answers for the daily barrage of phony arguments, and I thought overkill would backfire on P.G.&E. One black woman called into a talk show to complain of the steady stream of people and propaganda that inundated her home. "At first I was going to vote against city ownership," she said, "but all this paper and junk convinced me to vote for it." Others told us that they were wising up as the campaign progressed.

Since the election, we've talked a lot about why we did lose. The obvious reason is the extravagant amount of money spent to defeat the measure. I don't think it's an exaggeration to say that P.G.&E. and their front groups have spent \$250,000 to fight public ownership since their initial feasibility study in 1966 (thus it cost them about \$10 a vote). One of their junior executives confided to me, as I handed out leaflets on a street corner one weekend, that the P.G.&E. brass were deathly afraid that Berkeley might buy their electric system and make money on it, thus setting off a pack of condemnations all over California. The domino theory. So they put all their chips on this one and are hoping that the idea has been laid to rest. The notion, obviously, has received a serious setback in Berkeley, but forces are gathering in San Francisco and three other Bay Area cities. P.G.&E.'s troubles are just beginning.

The other significant reason for our loss was the low turnout of the student vote. We needed large numbers of independent-thinking student voters, people who seemed able to understand what we were trying to tell them. Only 50 to 60 per cent of the voters in student precincts bothered to go to the polls, while the hills were turning out in record numbers. With so many issues at stake, including student representation on the City Council, it is hard to account for their apathy. What particularly galled was that the initiative directing the police to give lowest priority to marijuana prosecution won by nearly the same margin that municipalization lost. The marijuana measure carried the student precincts overwhelmingly and ours scarcely won a majority—this despite two months of excellent educational work by an active student group and wide pro-public power coverage by the *University of California Daily*.

Fear was no doubt a big factor against us. Omnipresent fear—of radical takeover, of higher taxes (already the highest property tax rate in the state), of higher prices, of loss of business. Our outrage at P.G.&E.'s meddling into politics with our money could not begin to compete with the anxieties that their PR people played upon. Our issue became a "radical" one, tied in with the campaign of the April Coalition.

Three of the four Coalition candidates lost, for the same reasons that our measure went down, though different money may have financed their "moderate" opponents. We hadn't tied ourselves exclusively to the Coalition candidates, but were most comfortable with them and knew that we needed them to pursue condemnation proceedings. The "moderates," who won three seats, opposed us. We know that at least one of them received more than encouragement from P.G.&E. We don't regret our alliances with those who shared our commitments.

But it does annoy us, now that it's all over, that it was money that made the difference. We were outmaneuvered *because* we were outspent. We were betting that deep within the bosom of every man and woman lies a longing to control the basic activities and needs of their lives. We thought that energy—personal and natural—to fulfill our needs should be an important dimension of this latent desire.

As far as we can see, the desire is still latent. It's still just a \$10 electric bill at the end of the month. □

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Bestrides the Narrow World Like a Colossus

REFLECTIONS ON THE HUMAN CONDITION. By Eric Hoffer. Harper & Row. 97 pp. \$4.95.

NORRIS MERCHANT

Eric Hoffer appears to be a number of persons. He has found his spiritual community in his homeland, America, rather late, through fame, and the degree of acceptance that brought to a loner. He is a philosopher among longshoremen, and a navvy among intellectuals. That has not made for perfect wisdom by any means, among philosophers; whether it has made for exceptional longshoremanship might be for his peers to judge.

Hoffer's first book, *The True Believer* (1951), fitted well the ethos of the 1950s, described in a *Nation* survey of the decade as the era of "The Careful Young Men." Hoffer too had become suspicious of the superprophetic approach to society, "commitment," with its Manichean zeal to avenge the good, its nontranscendental but presumptuous language of upheaval. Demagoguery had so shaped the world of social action, and piled up so many victims, that one wonders whether Hoffer did not indeed find the right accent in seeking to redress this state of things with a message of distrust.

People were apt to forget that Nazism too once argued the virtue of iconoclasm; that it filled its seats in the Reichstag with keen-looking young men, contrasting with and tending to ridicule the torpor of their aged "reactionary" colleagues; that it recruited a zealous international corps, partly at least on the basis of a lust for total change, and for bringing to birth the "new man." Besides which, while intolerably anti-Semitic, it was inspiringly "anti-bourgeois."

Hoffer at least appeared to understand that. And he was aware of what is no doubt by now a commonplace, the minute fraction separating the ways of far Left and far Right earthshakers. Psychologically, their patterns can be nearly identical. Economically, whether the very real difference resulting from state subsumption of corporate capital would solve the hitherto insoluble remains to be demonstrated. An inevitable doubt has naturally followed the human devasta-

tions of the first chapter of this great conflict.

Hoffer puts it this way: "Absorption in the minutiae of an individual existence is the only refuge from the apocalyptic madhouse staged by maniacal saviors of humanity."

Is "progress" really man's mission? To minds like that of the late Teilhard de Chardin, even to put such a question marks one as retarded, one of those who, historically speaking, biologically speaking, don't count, as he put it. He was able to recognize the other type, the hardier humanity (perhaps a species of Mr. Hoffer's True Believer) instantaneously, however, even at cocktail parties.

Eric Hoffer, though possessed of a lesser mind than the formidable paleontologist, does put the old-fashioned question that must be put. If he does not always put it very brilliantly, or answer cogently, perhaps others will be shamed into thinking the question through instead of being simply scandalized that it should be raised. Change is still an ordeal (as one of Mr. Hoffer's titles suggests), and not just an adventure; and it remains an infinite possibility, rather than a one-way trip.

To Hoffer, then, the Hitler-Stalin phantasmagoria, to which he often refers, seems to have been a kind of illumination. Without benefit, so far as I know, of participation in revelatory insurgent or counterinsurgent undertakings, in Spain or elsewhere, he drew in San Francisco his conclusions about the rationalizing and fanatic gifts of the humanity he had known through years of toil and struggle. Perhaps his own waywardness, bouts with starvation and near suicide, his peddling and grape picking, accompanied by fleeting, uneven friendships, determined the resultant pessimism. He had been a soldier on the weird maneuvers of individualism. Soldiers, especially after a long stretch in the front lines, are not usually great optimists about human nature; and for the same kinds of reasons, one seldom finds at the bottom level of society the most refined efflorescence of liberalism. That tends rather to be the milieu of the Nechaevs and the Fagins, where cynicism and self-hate may pass muster for Rightism, and social vindictiveness for Left. Hoffer, accordingly, along with solid reasons growing out of the disillusionments of the century, has, additionally and understandably

enough, certain personal reasons for his leanings in the former direction ("bottom Right").

Intellectually, he does not mind identifying his influences. They have been largely Frenchmen, distinguished for crystalline exposition, subtle introspection, self-exploratory—skeptical, early psychologists. Primarily, Montaigne, Pascal, La Rochefoucauld. Such writers evince a certain trepidation before the problems of life and clarity about it—not the head-spinning oracular gifts he seems to dislike among their romantic counterparts.

Montaigne is pre-eminently Hoffer's favorite, and the contrast with himself is significant: not just between a "major" and a "minor" writer but because the window on the soul narrows considerably when we turn from the first to the second. Montaigne revealed much more of himself, while evading. Hoffer either has a good deal less to reveal, or he is really afraid, as befits an evacuee from "bottom Right." Among previous scrutinizers of the human problem, Augustine had the certificate of grace before he offered his *Confessions*; Rousseau seemed to have at least the equivalent in ego, and, weeping over the Gospels in the evening, perhaps imagined himself a prophet. In contrast, Hoffer seems only vaguely present as a subject, even though his manner is often diaristic and his theme human nature. Montaigne had more of one.

But it is not fair to compare Hoffer to Montaigne; maybe one should instead be grateful that there is someone left who appreciates such exceptional humanity. The choice of Montaigne is, after all, the signature of a temperament. He was beloved by André Gide as well, and his special appeal resides in his resolute nonfanaticism.

Hoffer's *Reflections on the Human Condition* carries further the theme of anti-fanaticism begun with *The True Believer* and continued through *The Passionate State of Mind* (1954). These books are not "great." The latest, like the earlier ones, is rather slim, but as an antidote to the sensational varieties of idea merchandising, it may have its calming value. When they are trivial, his recent aphorisms are at least inoffensive—while "revolutionary" clichés, with their exacerbations, are not. "A pregnant, swollen world is writhing in labor," Hof-

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SPRING MELT

*All winter waters
gushed under the ice*

*The fish slept
they grew thin*

*Now as spring comes on
we keep turning away*

*to those rich rivers
like language*

*to enter the rivers
to dance fine lies*

*through the foam
to drift over real fish*

*They are there
terse serious in the rifles*

*They flicker naked
at their ease*

in the green pools

Mark Linenthal

fer writes, in one of his short paragraphs, "and everywhere untrained quacks are officiating as obstetricians. . . . They lust to rip the belly of the world open." This idea, somewhat elaborated in other comments and aphorisms, is only a more extreme statement of a fundamental theme developed by Hoffer in earlier books (especially *The Ordeal of Change*, 1952). Fully exposed, it is by no means that crude anti-intellectualism of which he is occasionally capable. But the intellectuals are singled out.

Hoffer argues that the disaffiliated intelligentsia pose a certain threat to society, but that they serve as a mainspring of necessary change. Their function, creative-critical, depends upon a certain balance—the dialectical relationship of free speculation and power. The best interests of the people lie in maintaining that uneasy equilibrium, the intellectual as embittered champion of justice, productive because of the obstacles in the way of his self-realization, at least as a class . . . *versus* authority. As Joseph DeMaistre observed, "They [the intelligentsia] have the natural sciences to amuse them"—i.e., what else could they want? "It does not belong to science to lead men."

According to this point of view, then, ideologies, even if merely specious, may be tentatively useful; but the intellectual tends to try to shape the inherently resistant social order according to his rarefied logic and ersatz social science. (Marxist experiments have obviously supplied much of the inspiration for Hoffer's own observations.) From the ramparts of this not unfamiliar approach, Hoffer

dourly reproves what he considers *avant-garde* excesses and revolutionary stunts. The young of the 1960s and 1970s have irritated him—unlike "The Careful Young Men" he inspired in the 1950s—into denouncing a "spoiled-brat quality" that can grow out of the alienation of the immature, and what he takes to be their unconscious hunger for power.

Obviously it is not Burke's descendant who speaks here, scandalized to see an age of chivalry surrender to the one of "sophisters, economists, and calculators"; Hoffer has had enough of feudal glory too, and of all elites, and he does not entirely exonerate the intellectuals for having once—as he claims—championed Burke's nostalgia for Arcadia. Rather, he is fundamentally a leveler of ideologies, who wants to make sure no more dreams of glory go unchallenged: whether of knighthoods, intellectual castes, "great men," geniuses or God. He wants to spread individualism out over the richly talented "masses" generally, and he seems to believe that America is truly a democracy where something like this has been happening for a short while. That is Hoffer's own "True Belief."

Hoffer's brief against the stultifying conformity of dissent *à la mode* is very much in order; but he errs in his bland spreading out of all the virtues until nobody in particular has much of any of them. There is a wounded disillusionment about his historical summaries that goes dangerously further than the accounts of any intellectuals (should Mr. Hoffer not be one) in repudiating the anomalies and mysteries of life.

Hoffer's weakness is spiritual. It is like the weakness of those who have patronized him, the Presidents—Eisenhower, who recommended *The True Believer* (Hoffer did not approve of that regime), and Lyndon Johnson, who brought him to the White House sheepishly delighted, and turned flattering; and also the broadcasters, like Eric Sevareid ("Hoffer has made millions of troubled and confused Americans feel very much better about their country"), who seem to have substituted, as "Americanism," a sort of vacuous naïveté for the severe Stoic ambition of the 18th century. John Adams, for instance, had a rather too raptorial character to have found this kind of Americanism tolerable. As for the other party among the founders, they were confidently brandishing the cockade and the Jacobin vocabulary—the contemporary variety of which we are supposed to be delivered from by men such as Eric Hoffer. ("He showed again the old truths about America"—Mr. Sevareid).

To repeat, this seems to be a national weakness, not patriotism, even when it

comes six feet tall and looks like John Bunyan. There is an almost neurological confusion here about spiritual legacies, about the nation, about its birthright, and so forth. Perhaps the original great renovative project really *has* become something like just a classical memory, not really very attractive to, or even desired by, its inheritors.

Yet Hoffer's personal lack of confidence (in comparison with the most awesome examples of confidence, the American revolutionaries of 1776) is of a piece with his fundamental animus—against *all* great enterprises of the spirit. Psychologically self-serving it may well be, but it cannot be remotely identified with anything national, religious or even rational. It tends to undercut the foundations, rather than to reaffirm the title. Hitler and Stalin have done a damnably good job of it if they have sullied greatness everlastingly. And Mr. Hoffer frequently alludes to their malign example. A world consisting of circumspect, skeptical Hoffers, uncomplimented by the one-sided, exclusivist prophets, might be a more serene one, but we know it just isn't that way. Hoffer, even in his innocence, has so much in common with his evil antagonist that it *couldn't* be that way. Both Hoffer and Hitler, for instance, seem to oppose, quite basically, the "Semitic" way—using "Semitic" in the broadest sense. Of course Hoffer is not consciously an anti-Semite; he only opposes the whole Semitic tradition (including Christianity, Marxism and its dialectical offshoots, Zionism, and so forth) insofar as that has been the essentially prophetic, iconoclastic, spiritually revolutionary leaven for development in the West, and now in the world.

A quick perusal of the Gospel of Matthew will reveal the psychological antithesis to Hoffer's implied ideal—for there, one finds severity in judgment ("As for you, Capernaum, you will be cast headlong into hell!"), savage polemic against the old order; the goal of being hated for the sake of the future, a sharp cleavage ("not peace, but a sword"); apocalypse; Messianism.

Hitler, of course, while not fully conscious of all the implications, instinctively fought the Jew as the primary antecedent of the scandalous line of advance. Hoffer, with less evil genius (he dislikes that, and the not so bad kind, too) attacks only secondary phenomena: intelligentsia ("the so-called intelligentsia," Hitler used to say); social revolutionism; rampant artistic innovation; universalist ideology; "blind faith"; Hitler himself.

One must doubt that given Hoffer's preferred scenario, practical men or intellectuals or workers or revolutionaries,

would have cared much to build, say, Christianity, the fertile Islamic culture of the Middle Ages, the United States of America, Israel, or space rockets—how-ever regrettably such ventures might turn out. Nor with such a design, or lack of it, could they possibly build the institutions of the future, which will be erected upon, and perhaps go beyond, those of the past in greatness or catastrophe—and not because human beings, or some subdivision thereof, have a penchant for transcendental belief, or for ruin, but because they have a better eye for man's spirit, and his death, devil and demons too, than those who in response to those marvels turn reductionist.

Hoffer, it would seem, scandalized by certain enormities of history, has determined to cut man down to size—a plausible aim, but self-contradictory. Here, too,

are found the traces of deceit, coupled with godlike expectations, in the hopes reposed in the imagined virtues of Hoffer's "masses" (that grouping beloved by the totalitarian manipulator and made up—as Hannah Arendt suggested—of not very ordinary, or sober, or "common" men). Nowhere does the serpent leer so visibly as in the attempt to deny the universality of his presence as scoundrel, and dynamo. The masses, or rather the people—"elites," scribes, workers, merchants, or whoever—know him well, in all their classes and stations.

To turn one's back on grandeur, and its evil too, will not serve to cancel out the institutions which their complicity created; or the unexpectedness in man, whose whole business, Dostoevsky somewhere insisted, is "not to be a piano key."

Kazin's Brightest Book

BRIGHT BOOK OF LIFE: American Novelists and Storytellers from Hemingway to Mailer. By Alfred Kazin. *Atlantic Monthly Press-Little, Brown & Co.* 334 pp. \$8.95.

GEORGE MAYBERRY

More than thirty years after *On Native Grounds*, a monumental appraisal of American prose fiction from the 1890s through the 1930s, Alfred Kazin resumes with "an integrated account of the fiction written in the United States since the outset of World War II, a fiction that has reflected and embodied, more variously and truthfully than any other form of written art, the nature of our American experiences." The operative words here are *integrated, reflected and embodied, more variously and truthfully, experiences*. Kazin's book (D. H. Lawrence said: "The novel is the one bright book of life"), then, with its subtitle emphasizing authors as well as their works, stresses the relationship of literature, sometimes the anti-world, that writers create with words and silences, with (or without) passion and belief, to life in the protean shapes of American experience.

Obviously Kazin is prepared to commit most of the heresies his generation (he was born in 1915) was told to abjure—the biographical, the intentional, and the rest—which bothers him not at all, for in his journey from a Brooklyn ghetto (I use the word precisely) to a

professorship at Stony Brook, he has weathered not only the orthodoxies of the new criticism but those of Marxism, the pieties of liberalism, the extremes of existentialism and phenomenology, the rhetoric of racial nationalism and "the movement." With the flexibility of his healthy eclecticism—a designation that might not please him—he has not rejected the residue of value in these tendencies of his time, although in moments of exasperation—not to be confused with his solid state of horror at totalitarianism—he appears to suggest that English Departments consist equally of "assistant pedants" and what Harold Rosenberg has described as a "herd of independent minds." And behind Kazin's taste and intelligence are the irreducible virtues of Brooklyn-born, European-fathered Socialist humanism and the Jewish heritage—which is not to say that he is a Socialist or an adherent of Judaism—and the early hard-won possession (a culture, Malraux has said, is not inherited, it is conquered) of the best of America: Emerson and Melville, Whitman and James, Dreiser and Faulkner.

Kazin divides his large subject into nine sections. The first treats Hemingway as "the last great embodiment of the belief that experience can look entirely to literature for its ideal." His judgment is generous, overly generous to the work of Hemingway's last years, but his warmth in this section is for Scott Fitzgerald, and his greatest praise for a single novel is for *Under the Volcano* by Malcolm Lowry, who was only pe-

ripherally an American—but no matter. In his treatment of Lowry's "extraordinarily accomplished, complex, thoroughly woven novel" Kazin performs the primary function of public practical criticism, that of rendering the quality, ideational and textural, warts and all, of the writing under discussion. This is what is shared by such otherwise disparate criticism of value: Mencken on Dreiser, Eliot on Dante, Lawrence and Matthiessen on the classic Americans, Wilson on the Modernists, Levin on Joyce, Jarrell on Whitman, Cowley on Faulkner, and Warren on Cowley's Faulkner. And this is what Kazin does in his evaluative evocations of the other major figures: Faulkner, Mailer, Salinger—he has withdrawn his earlier reservations here—Bellow and Nabokov. These are affirmative appraisals, as is his brief praise of the fiction of Susan Sontag, which turns out to be an ironic testimony to the consistency of his approach and witness to the defect of his virtue; here Kazin manages to sound as tortuously dull as Sontag.

Kazin's treatment of his major figures is, within his limited compass, complete; beyond this his logistics break down. Among the contemporaries of Hemingway and Faulkner, Wolfe, Farrell, Steinbeck, Wilder and Henry Miller are missing. Katherine Anne Porter's *Ship of Fools* is discussed at negative length and her superb stories appear to be mentioned primarily to illustrate the baleful uses to which those "assistant pedants" have put them, a performance comparable to Geismar's unhappy *Henry James and the Jacobites*. Of the contemporaries of Mailer, there is no mention of Wright Morris, James Purdy, Nelson Algren, Kerouac, Richard Wright—Southern writers are only *white* Southern writers—John Barth and Eudora Welty are mentioned or quoted only in passing, and major omissions here are Ken Kesey, Larry McMurtry—there are some outsiders Kazin doesn't like—and John Hawkes, who is the darling of those damned "assistant pedants." The youngest, or newest, some not so young, Kazin does recognize are Pynchon, Barthelme, Gass, Didion and Oates, but no Brautigan, McHale, Coover, John Gardner. Ellison by all means but no Ishmael Reed, James Allen McPherson, William Melvin Kelley or Charles Wright. Incidentally, a broad sampling of the young, from good to godawful, can be found in these recent anthologies: *Anti-Story* (Free Press), *The Single Voice* (Collier), and *Cutting Edges* (Holt), edited respectively and sometimes too respectfully by Philip Stevick, Jerome Charyn and Jack Hicks. How could Kazin have included even a handful of these suggestions without

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turning his "integrated account" into a small encyclopedia like Tony Tanner's *City of Words*, the only other comparable book on contemporary American fiction? Simply by reducing the over-long devaluations of Cozzens, O'Hara and Burroughs.

Another logistical problem occurs within the discussions of his supporting cast. For example, he holds Malamud to be the writer of American Jewish life, which is of course the proper emphasis, but ignores Malamud's incursion into the white goy world in *A New Life*, the black world in his recent novel, *The Tenants*, forecast by such early stories as "Black Is My Favorite Color" and "Angel Levine," and into the European scene in his best-seller, *The Fixer*. William H. Gass, although "brilliant," "an event," "a major writer," is almost dismissed for his ambitious, but seriously flawed novel *Omensetter's Luck*, while his recent outrageously successful *In the Heart of the Heart of the Country* and *Willie Masters' Lonesome Wife* are overlooked. Similarly, his discussion of "an elegantly accomplished novelist," William Styron, centers on *The Confessions of Nat Turner*; Styron's earlier and better novels are barely mentioned and his most completely realized book, *The Long March*, is ignored. This may be because Styron is shoved into the section of "nonfiction novels," when the bulk of

his work belongs with "Professional Observers: Cozzens to Updike"; *The Bell Jar*, if anything a "nonfiction" novel, is pushed into the ghetto (here the current sloppy usage) reserved for women writers and named "Cassandras." This section includes a splendid, antimodish celebration of that demure tornado, Joyce Carol Oates, a writer who happens to be a woman, and who, just as Katherine Anne Porter should have been with the Southern (white) writers, should have been in a section that emphasized her craft rather than her gender. Some Jews are segregated in a marvelous "Earthly City of the Jews," but Heller appears among the war writers, Salinger among the "Professional Observers" and several Jews among the absurd, while Mailer weaves and bobs as war novelist, nonfictionist, Jew and absurdist.

Bright Book of Life is dedicated "to my novelists and storytellers." To return to my earlier statement, Kazin has been worthy of his subjects even to the reader who wants to extend the list of subjects; as they have done, he has made the actual real. For example, he has persuaded one reader who was unconvinced by Joan Didion's *Play It as It Lays* to read her earlier *Run River*, to continue to ignore the later novels of O'Hara, and to get to work on the now Englished earlier writings of Nabokov. Superior criticism has a pragmatic as well as an absolute value. □

ism, with its many variations, is difficult to define, but its primary characteristic is its search for a greater reality than the who-what-where-and-when of daily journalism. As Norman Mailer, one of its leading practitioners, put it: "Facts without nuances are nothing." Some, like Truman Capote, Gay Talese and Tom Wolfe, describe scenes as novelists would describe them, even telling us what the participants are thinking and feeling. In the first-person school of Mailer and Thompson, the reporter is the central figure and his feelings are the story.

Both the first- and third-person schools of the New Journalism are very different from the bloodless corporate journalism of *The New York Times* and other responsible journals. Refreshingly different. For part of the working definition of responsibility is that it is unprofessional to go beyond what is said and, in the barest sense, seen; heavy use of description relegates the reporter to the feature page, where real writing sometimes appears—but it had better not get serious.

Thompson discards any pretension to godlike objectivity. Rather than disguising his natural, human bias, he puts it "up front." For example, Thompson plainly hates politicians. Humphrey "talks like an 80-year-old woman who just discovered speed" and dashes from speech to speech telling one audience he'll have the troops out of Vietnam in ninety days and another that he supports Nixon's Christmas terror bombing of Hanoi. "With the possible exception of Nixon, Hubert Humphrey is the purest and most disgusting Political Animal in American politics today," Thompson proclaims.

A conventional journalist is expected to cover a political campaign as fairly as a foot race, as a game in which the players—the major party candidates, at least—are assumed to be equally worthy determinants of our nation's fate. Thompson knows this is nonsense. He sees the 1972 election not as an occasion for a market report—GOP up nine, Dems down three-quarters—but as an apocalyptic struggle between good and evil. He agrees with Nixon that, unlike the election of 1968, this one represented "the clearest choice of this century." And it was Nixon's character that made it so, for Nixon embodies "that dark, venal and incurably violent side of the American character that almost every other country in the world has learned to fear and despise."

Thompson's approach goes beyond that of a New Journalist, first-person school. He is, he tells us, a Gonzo journalist, which means, as near as I can figure

Wild Man's View of the Campaign

FEAR AND LOATHING ON THE CAMPAIGN TRAIL '72. By Hunter S. Thompson. Straight Arrow Books. 506 pp. \$7.95.

STEVEN D'ARAZIEN

During the campaign, I used to sit in the press bus drinking a can of beer I'd dredged from the plastic garbage can we'd stocked to keep the press corps content, and listen to the national media heavies telling me that the most exciting and incisive stuff being written about the whole ordeal was Hunter Thompson's of *Rolling Stone*. I was surprised. Although I readily agreed that Thompson was running rings around the rest of those guys, it surprised me that they read a magazine

devoted almost entirely to rock criticism. But, I digress. My point is, I agree: this is the most exciting book written about the 1972 campaign and one of the best about American politics of the last decade.

I don't know much about Thompson. He tells us he ran for sheriff of Aspen, Colo., on the Freak Power ticket, advocating the use of a dangerous drug called mescaline (though promising not to take it on duty). He lost, of course. Some time before or after—it isn't clear—he wrote a highly regarded book about the Hell's Angels motorcycle gang. The editor of *The Nation* encouraged the research, which ultimately resulted in Thompson's getting stomped by the bikers. That may say something about their current relationship.

Fear and Loathing is a New Journalism account of the campaign from before New Hampshire to Miami and beyond, and I'm sure it will be regarded as a classic in the genre. New Journal-

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it, that he is constantly on the verge of hitting his self-destruct button. He moves from spirit-crushing hotel to spirit-crushing hotel, back and forth across the country, in the amphetamine high of the campaign, strung out on booze and drugs and lost sleep. He's always on the verge of *total-loss-of-control*, ever prepared to don the jacket with the buckles in back. In short, the Gonzo is a wild man.

Indeed, some of his reporting leaves me wondering whether the Gonzo doesn't hallucinate a lot. For example, he tells us Edmund Muskie was using a strange West African drug called Ibo-gaine which was responsible for the "delusions" and "fragmented thinking" that characterized his campaign. And, Thompson insists, it caused the crying jag in New Hampshire that cost him his "front-runner" status. It's a strange story, but I've doubted Thompson's credibility before, and lived to regret it. I didn't believe his account of a conversation with McGovern conducted from an adjoining urinal, but reliable sources later confirmed it.

However, Thompson is no mere Gonzo entertainer. Some of his insights help explain McGovern's disastrous loss. Although we both originally bet on Humphrey, the darling of the regulars, as the likely nominee, Thompson predicted a McGovern nomination as early as mid-April. At the time he had but ninety-five delegates and polls showed him with only 5 per cent of Democratic voters supporting him. We were both unaware of "one of the most impressive grass-roots organizations in political history" and its ability to capture control of the party machinery by taking advantage of the Reform Commission guidelines. However, the miracle of the nomination was short-lived and Thompson dates the defeat from early June, when "the McGovern campaign seemed to peak and start losing its energy."

Thompson places the blame on three factors: McGovern's indecisiveness; his shift from his pre-convention maverick status to being a party man; and Thomas Eagleton.

Thompson didn't like Eagleton in the first place, considering him "a harmless, Catholic, neo-liberal Rotarian nebbish," a man with "more ambition than brains." And he attacks McGovern's choice of a man who would placate the "Humphrey/Meany axis" he so despises. But the choice once made, Thompson criticizes McGovern's handling of the ensuing scandal. When questions arose about Eagleton's mental history, McGovern hoped to ride out the storm, believing the public would eventually support his decision. But party regulars and, more

important, the money people, insisted he drop Eagleton. And the press made discussion of any other issue impossible. The decision to ax his original choice was bound to hurt: "the difference between perception and reality was that the public saw McGovern dumping Eagleton for political expediency when in reality, there was no way Eagleton could stay on the ticket," Thompson tells us. When the smoke lifted, McGovern had lost 13 points. Thompson believes that was fatal.

There were other blunders that were amplified by the media, including conflicting statements on Salinger's mission to Paris, and Lawrence O'Brien's threat to quit the campaign. The media also bore in on McGovern's inability to articulate clear and consistent positions on tax reform and welfare.

Thompson is especially bitter about the post-convention efforts to heal the wounds that split the party. McGovern began with a visit to the man responsible for making the war an issue, LBJ. He asked for an endorsement. Then he went and backed Mayor Daley's ticket. "His behavior since Miami has been a piece-meal . . . mockery of everything he seemed to stand for during the primaries," Thompson laments. These shifts convinced both the Wallace supporters and the young that the man they thought was "a straight, honest, different kind of politician" was really just another "expedient, pragmatic hack."

No doubt true. But whether this explains the debacle is questionable. For one thing, McGovern's top command be-

lieved that while the grass-roots campaign could win the nomination, it could not win the election. For that, the support of the old-line political machines, with their armies of patronage workers, was necessary. As it turned out, the peace-making effort was in vain. Strong elements in the party couldn't stomach McGovern. This was manifest before the convention, when Jackson attacked McGovern for being, in Thompson's words, "not only a Marijuana Sympathizer, but also a fellow traveler. . . ." And Humphrey made it a chorus with the addition of amnesty and abortion. While these distortions may merely reflect lust for power, they may also demonstrate the reluctance of the old-line politicians to inch Left. Furthermore, many of the bosses had been excluded from the convention because they had run "uncommitted." In New Jersey we saw the results, when a Journal Square rally for McGovern drew only a few thousand. In 1960, JFK had pulled 15,000. Obviously, the Hudson County machine, essential to any Democratic victory in the state, didn't think the party's choice was worth the effort.

Thompson believes McGovern never should have sought old-line support; he should have continued to run as a maverick. While my purist blood boiled, too, at the sight of McGovern and Daley together, I'm also certain that if McGovern had gone the Gonzo way, his vote would have been counted against Dr. Spock's rather than Nixon's.

After the wake, Thompson talked to McGovern, who had three theories about the loss. The first was that the mood of

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EVENT

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the country was wrong for his candidacy. People were tired of the activism of the 1960s; they were anti-black and anti-bussing. "I think people were afraid of anything that looked like fundamental change," McGovern told Thompson.

McGovern also blamed the press. "He thought they were crucifying him and leaving Nixon alone . . .," Thompson writes. I hope, but am by no means certain, that McGovern does not admire Nixon's campaign. It was, of course, brilliant. Because he is a lousy campaigner, apt to crack under pressure, Nixon never exposed himself. Instead, he wrapped himself in his high office, using the slogan "Re-elect the President," and sent surrogates to campaign for him. He remained invisible to the press. A record sum was spent on clever commercials, like the one showing McGovern's hand sweeping toy soldiers off a table—and on the dirty tricks department, total as yet unknown. Moreover, Nixon's first four years, Thompson tells us, were engineered with an eye to four more. Nixon gave us the China and Moscow spectacles, and an agonizingly slow troop pull-out, capped in the final stretch with a sober-faced Henry Kissinger bringing the news that "peace is at hand."

Finally, there is what McGovern said was the greatest factor: "any incumbent President is unbeatable, except in a time of mushrooming national crisis or scandal. . . ." Because a poll taken a week after the election showed Edward Kennedy, the only man I thought could run ahead of McGovern, losing by 10 points, I believe McGovern is right. In fact, out of the fifteen Presidents who have run for re-election, only four—John Quincy Adams, Martin Van Buren, Benjamin Harrison and Herbert Hoover—were defeated, three of these because of depressions.

The outcome of the 1972 race seems both ridiculous and sad now that the word impeachment has been uttered on the floor of the House. Like Hunter Thompson, I believe: "The tragedy of all this is that George McGovern, for all his mistakes and all his imprecise talk about 'new politics' and 'honesty in government' is one of the few men who've run for President in this century who really understand what a fantastic monument to all the best instincts of the human race this country might have been, if we could have kept it out of the hands of greedy little hustlers like Richard Nixon." □

APOLLO

*When I trespassed on the moon
I whispered to its rock
To make my broken raven fly once more
Now any bird will do.*

Dan Eneman

dollar crisis with the threat of possible retaliation against Japanese products, reinforces those segments of the Japanese nation that hold this view.

It may be only historical coincidence but the development of closer United States-China relations has run parallel with the deterioration of the U.S. balance of payments position.

The other coincidence that strikes one who studies the question of Japanese rearmament is that serious discussion of it has begun during the same period in which some of its soldiers from World War II are turning up on Guam and in the Philippines. The return to Japan in 1972 of two former soldiers (one dead, one alive) illustrates vividly the most important issue facing Japan today—the absence of a central, unifying moral and spiritual force such as that which sustained these men for twenty-seven years in an isolated and alien environment.

A book entitled *The Emperor's Last Soldiers* by Masahi Ito was published during the 1960s. It was an account of what was taken to be the last members of Japan's World War II military forces, discovered on Guam in 1961. From the perspective of more than a decade later, we know this is not so. The Emperor's "last" soldiers will probably not be discovered. They will probably die in isolated areas far from their home country without the Emperor or the world being aware of their passing. Yet they will have been kept alive through innumerable hardships and sacrifices by an ideal that no longer exists in Japan today.

If one is to find fault with Axelbank's timely and knowledgeable work, it is his failure to stress this aspect of the rearmament problem. For what faces the Japanese is not simply a question of whether to rearm or not but the problem of what kind of moral code they wish to base their lives upon.

Mishima also said before he disemboweled himself that postwar Japan had "forgot its national origins . . . lost its national spirit," and had "plunged its own soul into a vacuum." How the moral and spiritual need he referred to will be embodied in a political reality is what the world waits to learn.

Having said this, one should also acknowledge that Axelbank seems to be aware of this and other matters to which he does not devote any space in this

Sword and Chrysanthemum Again?

BLACK STAR OVER JAPAN: Rising Forces of Militarism. By *Albert Axelbank*. Hill and Wang. 240 pp. \$7.95.

NORMAN J. GALLO

"Is there no one who will die by hurling his body against the Constitution which has mutilated Japan?"

These words, shouted to a group of Japanese soldiers by the writer, Yukio Mishima, before he committed suicide, sum up the essential issue which faces the Japanese if they truly wish to rearm. The matter of rearmament itself is not without its paradox. The Constitution which Mishima condemned as the creation of a foreign government (the United States) nevertheless touches the deeply felt desire of the Japanese for peace.

It is for this reason that Article 9, which states that "the Japanese people forever renounce war as a sovereign right of the nation" and that "land, sea, and air forces, as well as other war potential, will never be maintained," is revered and treasured by them as a whole. So much

so that, as Axelbank writes, "the government and ruling party acknowledge it will be some time before they can tackle revision through parliamentary means, which involves obtaining a majority in both houses plus ratification by the people."

There is irony in the fact that having created such a legal document, successive U.S. administrations have continually pushed for Japanese rearmament. This desire for a rearmament Japan, however, was always a function of the belief that its military forces would be aligned with those of the United States, and would advance the latter's strategy and ideology. On the other hand, a rearmament Japan whose policies would make it a rival power would require some profound changes in U.S. strategy in Asia and in the world at large.

Yet many Japanese have begun to feel that the United States, with its "Nixon shocks" in the summer of 1971, already has changed its policies to reflect the belief that the economic power of Japan is a greater threat to its stability and well-being than the ideological power of China. The omission of Japan from the recent twelve-nation international conference on Vietnam, and the continuing

Norman Gallo has contributed to the New Republic, The American Scholar, Pacific Affairs (University of British Columbia) and Asian Forum.

book. His book does perform a valuable service in revealing the links between the *zaikai* (the new *zaibatsu*) and the Japanese Self-Defense Forces, and in pointing out the resurgence of ultrarightists and the danger they represent.

He also describes the unique character of the Japanese Communist Party and its growing strength. It now has thirty-eight seats in the lower house of the Diet and is the third largest party in Japan. This recent growth supports the view that the Japanese are searching for a cause in which to believe. Undoubtedly that search has now taken on desperate urgency, and it is bound to be reflected in future events.

After the Japanese soldier, Shoichi Yokoi, was found on Guam last year, the *Asahi* newspaper on January 28, 1972 wrote in an editorial:

What with automobiles, pollution, to say nothing of the vulgarities of popular culture, the Japan that Yokoi left is no longer with us. Present-day Japanese who will be welcoming him may very well ask themselves two questions. Are we correct to have changed as much as we have? Or is Yokoi correct not to have changed at all?

These two questions, as yet unanswered, epitomize Japan's spiritual crisis. □

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

London

The National Theatre this season is giving a highly polished performance of Molière's *The Misanthrope*. The two most polished things about it are Tony Harrison's translation and Tanya Moisevitch's setting. (Perhaps Diana Rigg's long limbs should be mentioned as well.) The translation is technically brilliant besides being eminently chic. The setting bodes forth the special tone of the text, which still maintains the elegant formality and sprightliness of the original.

The locale is no longer a salon in 17th-century Paris but a room closer to the modish taste of our day; the court of Louis XIV's reign has been transmogrified to the Elysée of Charles de Gaulle. The setting avoids the error of literalness; it remains, as it should, a stage environment. The atmosphere bespeaks pleasure and wit.

John Dexter has directed with a deft hand in the swift and tripping rhythm which is fitting to both Molière and the particular interpretation chosen for the production. Some moments are a bit too "smart." There is always a certain

down-to-earth plainness in Molière, while the National's handiwork tends toward a kind of *haute couture* sophistication. But granting a theatre company's right to treat a text according to its own (and its audience's) lights, the production must be counted a distinct success. It is certainly a popular hit, which is a considerable feat with Molière in English.

The rather somber comedy has been turned into a bright entertainment, what Noel Coward or Sacha Guitry might have been able to do if they had the grit and the genius. What is absent in the production—and not at all attempted—is the tension of Molière's script, the indignation as well as the heartbreak.

Alceste is no misanthrope: he doesn't hate people; he scorns the corruption and hypocrisy of "polite" society. He demands frankness, honesty, truthfulness. He reviles the artifice, complacency, time-serving that he sees at every turn. In the surrounding smart set, this makes him a spoilsport, a boor, an impediment. He has no "sense of humor."

Molière was well aware of the fool in Alceste: he makes him terribly innocent, obtuse, even bull-headed in relation to Celimène, his beloved. (Molière understood the contradiction painfully well because he was in the same case in regard to his own wife.) That is why Molière repeatedly states the case against Alceste: he is thoroughly "unrealistic" in view of where he chooses to live. To be consistent, Alceste would have to be an out and out "revolutionary," in the manner of Rousseau, and shun high society. That is very nearly what Alceste finally resolves to do, except that his retreat is resignation rather than rebellion.

Molière's heart and to a large extent his mind are with Alceste. The playwright was the constant critic of his society. He played its game slyly (he was no "fanatic"), but the sting of his reprobation is everywhere present and in *The Misanthrope* it assumes an acute subjective stress. It is just this aspect of the play that the National Theatre production entirely and deliberately evades.

Alec McCowan's Alceste lacks the

markedly sexual nature which accounts for the character's vulnerability in dealing with his fair lady. Otherwise he plays the role admirably in line with the production plan, but that plan can in no way convey any of Alceste's claim to our complete sympathy. He appears a lightweight, more complainer than contestant.

None of my reservations should be taken to suggest that I did not enjoy the production. It is a shrewd and pretty graph of Molière's masterpiece. It is well that English-speaking audiences, whose approbation of Molière is usually more "academic" than real, should have the opportunity to realize that he is a living dramatist.

Another hit at the National is Tom Stoppard's *Jumpers*. It is a fiendishly well-written piece, a coruscating verbal exercise consisting for the most part of a monologue or a long spiel which made me think at times of one of Jimmy Durante's harangues—if he were extremely well-read!

Stoppard directs his darts against hair-splitting crackpots who occupy many university chairs of philosophy: Bertrand Russell and Wittgenstein are referred to in passing, so one may suspect that the logical positivists are the main targets. Stoppard's professor is the caricature of a man totally befuddled, entangled and knotted in an endless skein of ill-assorted concepts which he is ceaselessly straining to define, an effort which increasingly confuses him as he strenuously proceeds with the impossible process. Caught in the linguistic maze, he is unaware of the barest facts around him (his wife's infidelities, for example) and always ends by talking highfalutin gibberish with occasional gleams of delight at some clever phrase which emerges from the swirl of words. He is practically inept, physically negligent, and generally a hilarious mess.

What plot there is in this prank is even more nutty and unreal than the central character. To give the whole some point, apart from the fun, the

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Author, Editor, Historian, Librarian

By Dudley Gordon, Consultant SW Museum

Lummis created "See America First." Walked Cincinnati-Los Angeles 1884-85. First City Editor Los Angeles Times. His books opened Southwest to Americans. Pioneer conservationist of Cal. Redwoods. Saved Calif. missions. Indian advocate. Aided Frank Norris, J. London, Mary Austin. Editor Land of Sunshine/Out West 1895-09. Creative L.A. Librarian 1905-1910. Founded Sequoia League. Southwest Museum. Knighted by King of Spain.

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evening ends with the statement that somehow humanity gets along with more satisfactions than intellectual grumblers recognize.

The real triumph of the occasion is the virtuoso performance of Michael Hordern. Without this actor—whose unflaggingly rapid and always distinct delivery of speeches which leap and swirl, rush and slide, mount to heights of insane eloquence and descend to depths of fantastic fatuity—there would be no show. For, in his disheveled person, flying about in all directions as if blown by gusts of hot air, he cuts a figure as funny to look at as he is to listen to.

Stoppard himself is a master in the manipulation of words, which despite the "new thought," does not constitute literature, while his thinking is in tune with the facile, chirping "pessimism," the posture or pose of many in Britain's latest dramatic coterie.

In an entirely different vein are the first crude efforts by comparatively new playwrights to be seen at the Royal Court. One of these, *Magnificence* by Howard Brenton, is a social drama in a rougher mode than that of the English 1950s.

The play begins with a scene showing a number of young people—several of the working class, an uneducated hippie

POEM

*The invisible unimaginable
portrait of a radiant bird
housed in this cabbage
by the side of my head speaks to me
of your nearness.
That is why I do not notice you.*

Michael Goldman

and a girl emigrated from the BBC—who break into an unoccupied flat as a protest against a housing situation that allows landlords to hold out for high rents while the poor are left virtually homeless. But the police come to evict the "squatters," and though they meet with very little resistance, one of the young women who is pregnant is knocked down and, we later learn, miscarries.

Except for the moment of violence at its end, the tone of the first scene is light enough. It is followed by another in which two elderly gentlemen, one a cabinet minister and another fallen from that distinction and now an embittered and dying university don, meet at the invitation of the latter after a long period of coolness between them. The don needs someone to talk to and to vent his spleen. He calls his middle-class companion a "Fascist," but he, the old Tory

aristocrat, is himself the more reactionary of the two. At the end of this, the man dies in his despised colleague's arms.

Though the episode is written with considerable finesse, especially in the characterization of the moribund man, we are at first puzzled as to its function in the play. Then we learn that the young man, whose wife was struck down by the policeman in the earlier scene, has just come out of jail, where he was sentenced for a year for having assaulted the policeman in retaliation, and is now consumed by desperate anger. He plans to kill the rather inoffensive cabinet minister whom we met before in the don's company. This particular person has been picked as the victim of the young man's wrath because he is mistakenly believed to be the minister in charge of housing. The minister is captured while he is peacefully mowing the beautiful rhododendron lawn of his estate. A bundle of explosives are set on his head. But at the last minute the would-be assassin desists from his vengeful and supposedly revolutionary act. He flings the bomb away; it explodes and kills both men.

There are two "points" to this play. The almost incidental one has to do with the wretched state which still exists in housing facilities for the poor. The second is the sad and basic futility, the human

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waste, of attempting to change such conditions by violence alone. In a sense, however, neither of these themes is conceived to set forth a "thesis." The play dramatizes a sense of anguish among the young who, now that the old aristocracy is gone and the welfare state is governed by a seemingly benevolent conservatism (the actor who plays the accidentally murdered minister looks more like Harold Wilson than Heath), are made not only savagely resentful of the impasse into which England has fallen but also dreadfully unhappy by their inability to find the effective way to break through and overcome it.

The smoothies, or the more adept of the cynical stripe, and the uncouth are both voicing the same sociological "message" in the English theatre today: behind the presumably unruffled surface of Britain's official face there is deep disquiet. But of the two "groups," I find the rougher more sympathetic. They are truly affected and speak or scream wildly from their hurt, while the others recline on their more or less feigned discomfitures.

Another play originally produced at the Royal Court and now being given on the West End, Christopher Hampton's *Savages*, may be said to belong to the second category of the more overtly troubled. Hampton, the young man who wrote *The Philanthropist* has (perhaps) suddenly acquired a social conscience. *Savages* is concerned with the extermination of the Indians in Brazil. By extension, it is a play against all imperialism and the unspeakable ferocity it entails everywhere for everyone. The action centers around the murder of a harmless British subject who has been taken hostage by the insurrectionary party in order to obtain the release of a number of political prisoners.

Though moderately interesting, the play is hardly striking in any respect except that it shows its author and the West End audience moving in a new direction for them; also because Paul Scofield has undertaken to act a not particularly exciting part in it. Scofield, it is evident, has consented to appear because he values the play's import and because he acts, as most other British stars do, in the best plays available to them, whether they be "great" or not and whether or not they will prove hits.

This last factor constitutes one of the present superiorities of the London stage. As in almost every season, most plays are mediocre or less; at the same time they are not too infrequently adult entertainment with a good chance of being well acted by excellent players who, though often engaged in films, are still committed to the theatre.

In Paris, on the other hand, someone pointed out to me that three of the front

rank actors—François Perier, Claude Rich and Claude Dauphin—who have never before missed a season in a new vehicle, now for the first time in their careers find nothing to suit them in the most recent writing. The dramatic horizon in France today is distressingly bleak. □

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

There has been a good deal of talk—most of it market talk—about the European acquisition of recent American art. The land of the big spenders marvels as large paintings and sculptures by Roy Lichtenstein, Claes Oldenburg and Andy Warhol leave the country at high prices. Overlooked under the shock of export is what happens to the art when it gets to Europe. In the case of two of the collectors most responsible for this turn of events, the collections are shown in museums. Dr. Peter Ludwig houses much of his holdings in the Wallraf-Richartz Museum, Cologne, and in the Neue Galerie der Stadt, Aachen; and Karl Ströher's collection is at the Hessisches Landesmuseum, Darmstadt. In all three museums you can see collections of recent art, far more numerous and of a higher quality than any American museum can show. For instance, Jasper Johns's huge multi-part "Map (based on Buckminster Fuller's *Dymaxion Air-ocean World*)" (*The Nation*, November 22, 1971) now resides in Cologne.

The record of museums and Pop art in the 1960s goes something like this. The Guggenheim Museum put on an early show, 1963, but acquired nothing from it; the Museum of Modern Art has a lot of Jasper Johns, acquired early and gave Oldenburg a stunning retrospective, but never really liked Pop art. Recently however Lichtenstein's "Drowning Girl," a well-known painting, was acquired from the Bagley Wright collection, a step in the direction of fairer representation. The Whitney Museum has shown Jim Dine and James Rosenquist retrospectives and recently acquired two early Warhols, including "Before and After, 3," the largest of the nose-job paintings. However at Darmstadt there is a Warhol gallery with fifteen paintings and assorted boxes (Brillo, and others), fifteen Oldenburgs and a dozen Lichtensteins.

Ströher, who is 82 years old, is an inveterate collector and the museum at Darmstadt holds many traces of his activity. The section of it that I want to discuss, and which I went to Darm-

stadt to see, is entitled "Bildnerische Ausdrucksformen (Expressive Plastic Forms) 1960-1970." The collection was firmed up with a sudden majestic input when Ströher purchased the collection of Leon Kraushar, a collector who, along with Robert Scull, had celebrity conferred on him in the early 1960s by the conspicuous consumption of Pop art. (Oldenburg's "Stove," 1962, a real stove laden with colorful sculptures of food, once owned by Scull, has turned up recently in the Ludwig collection.) As Ströher puts it handsomely: "I could not resist the opportunity to bring it to Germany in its entirety." This acquisition, and others by Ludwig and by Dr. Giuseppe de Panza in Milan, have made Europe the only place to study aspects of American art. For instance, between them, Panza, Ströher and Ludwig hold a substantial proportion of Oldenburg's sculpture of 1961-62, the period of rough-surfaced, brightly colored food and objects. To see this expressionistically turbulent but manic work again is a drastically exhilarating experience.

Ströher's Lichtensteins, nine from Kraushar plus three other acquisitions, show the artist in an interesting light. There is an early perspective view of a bathroom, simulating explicatory commercial drawing, and then a series of deadpan close-ups of household objects. These single images are of a hand with a sponge, a huge light switch that reads "on," an immense ball of twine—as solid as a drum of cable—and a gleaming old-fashioned razor blade. Two of the Lichtensteins derive from other art sources—one from Mondrian; the other, one of the biggest brush-stroke paintings, displaying great expressionistic swirls frozen in ataraxy. Ströher also has a first-rate group of diagrammatic Warhols: there are paintings of repetitive objects (dollar bills, soup cans), a painting of a

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newspaper layout, a numbered "Do-It-Yourself" picture—half colored-in—and a chart of dance steps. In addition, Ströher has excellent photographic silkscreened paintings, two of disaster subjects, and a "Jackie" painting made up of a group of thirty-five more or less identical black and blue images. There is no museum collection in the United States where Warhol's range and the connections between the diagrammatic and photographic phases can be viewed in this way.

Ströher notes, in the text of the lavish catalogue, that "Minimal art, in spite of its modest name, appears . . . to desire to spread its influence far beyond the museum and into the landscape." This is an acute observation: there seems to be in these works of art a definite correlation between sparseness of formal incident and spatial extension. His collection includes floor pieces by

PERSONALS

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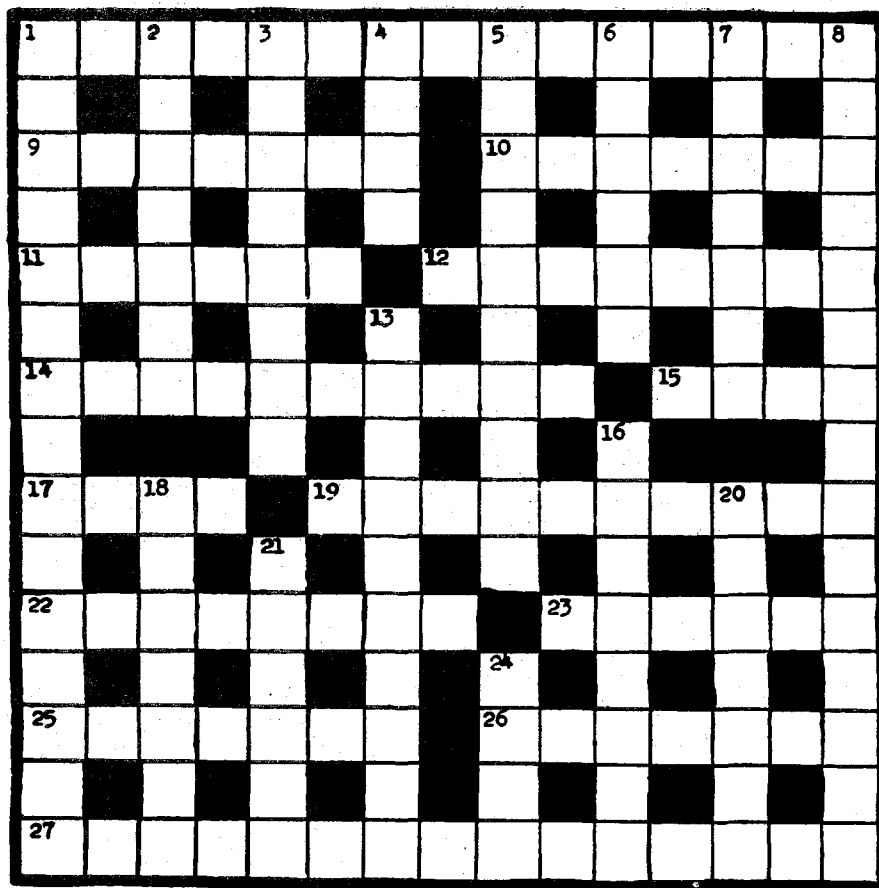
Carl Andre, wall lights by Dan Flavin, and a couple of Donald Judds. However these are not on display now and it is hard to see how the present facilities of the museum can be adapted to show them adequately. It is a great pity, given Ströher's responsiveness to this development of sculpture, that the museum should let him down at this point. I felt this particularly in comparison to the installation of the Panza collection at Varese, where a comparable intuition about the spatial spread of Minimal art is preoccupying Dr. Panza. This remains a private collection, and is not open to the public, but it is conceived on a scale entirely appropriate to a museum. (It is perhaps with the intention of maintaining his privacy that Dr. Panza has not issued a catalogue of his extraordinary collection.)

The extensive stables of a villa (which contains the paintings) are being converted into a suite of galleries for Minimal sculpture. The architecture is cleaned up but retains candidly its age and the light is scrupulously adjusted for optimum attention. (Lighting is often regarded as visible drama, but this is a vulgarity: the function of lighting is to show, not to contribute as a design factor, or as an effect.) Minimal art has never looked better than in these immaculate cells. The tremor within the apparent steadiness of Flavin's fluorescent lights and the glamorous surface finishes that slide all over Judd's austere-seeming pieces are visible as never before. In one room the correspondence between the modules in an Andre floor piece and a frail, multi-part painting by Robert Ryman activates the space in a way that evokes the precision of Albertian perspective and the rhythm of the body in walking or breathing.

These collections are part of a shift in American-European relations. It is a long way from the ambivalent notions of the Abstract Expressionist period, when it was said on the one hand that good American art owed nothing to Europe, while on the other hand Clement Greenberg maintained the necessity of European confirmation, both for the artists and their dealers. What has happened with the artists after Abstract Expressionism is much simpler. Their work developed within the canons of American art and without the artists paying attention to Europe. European opinion and taste, however, adopted the achieved American art—and at a time of progressive European affluence and American weakness. With one or two exceptions, American private collectors today tend to work on a small scale. It is depressing to compare our timidity with the energy, our softness with the intellectual rigor, of these three Europeans. □

Crossword Puzzle No. 1499

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

- 1 Are the cardinal points of news so scattered? (2,3,10)
- 9 Wine produced by dissident forces? (7)
- 10 Shy away from what one takes to check the TV tubes. (4,3)
- 11 And shied away in a different direction. (6)
- 12 Two points have confused its makeup for one who might have come to America early. (8)
- 14 Where court procedure might demand control. (10)
- 15 Certainly not for "ain't," incorrectly! (4)
- 17 Twain, according to Kipling, had this to half-complete it. (4)
- 19 What Casey was trying to bring in? (7,3)
- 22 A frightening word to such as rule fixed engagements. (8)
- 23 Something less than a triumph met on entering the Roman house. (6)
- 25 It might give the listener a severe pain. (7)
- 26 Butter one side of the leaf? One might be mad to go on it! (7)
- 27 Might the thread of the whodunnit seem less clear when this occurs? (3,4,8)

DOWN

- 1 Philosophic concern has been expressed about its being irresistibly met. (9,6)
- 2 No. 10 Downing St. speech? (7)
- 3 Older tie pattern hung around this way. (8)

- 4 Roman quartet with an added name having terrible associations. (4)
- 5 In the Niger, limbo contortions could be getting rather involved. (10)
- 6 By which a Shogun used to be known as a modern big-shot. (6)
- 7 A beastly example atop one article by one of the old school? (7)
- 8 What a very careful anesthetist looks for as a protective device. (6,2,7)
- 13 To a degree, free of FBI agents, square with what might have come from longer work. (10)
- 16 This might be found about the body. (8)
- 18 Proving half the Scotch desire punishment. (7)
- 20 It's rather old-fashioned to break things up. (7)
- 21 Proving a wild calf is related to public money. (6)
- 24 Pre-eminent, but still under foot. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1498

ACROSS: 1 and 4 Plain and simple; 10 Tippler; 11, 26 and 3 Tooth and nail; 12, 28 and 15 By the same token; 13 and 2 Over and done; 16 Cleaned; 17 Scoured; 19 Landing; 22 Skeptic; 24 and 9 Jack and Jill; 25 Folly; 29 Kremlin; 30 Shampoo; 31 Raspberry; 32 Eases. DOWN: 1 and 24 down Practical joker; 4 Allayed; 5 Ditches; 6 Imps; 7 Palaver; 8 Error; 14 Antic; 18 Deciduous; 20 Nuclear; 21 Groaner; 22 Splashy; 23 Trampas; 27 Club.

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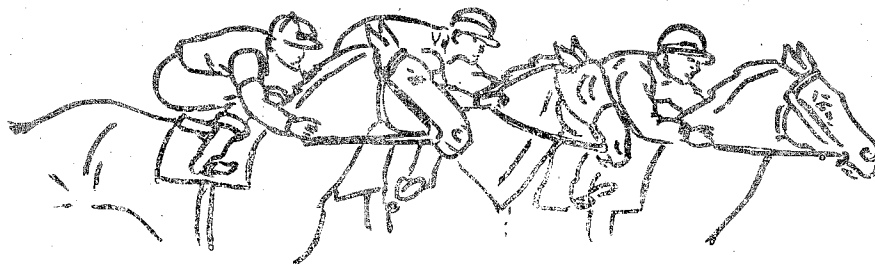
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